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The Seed

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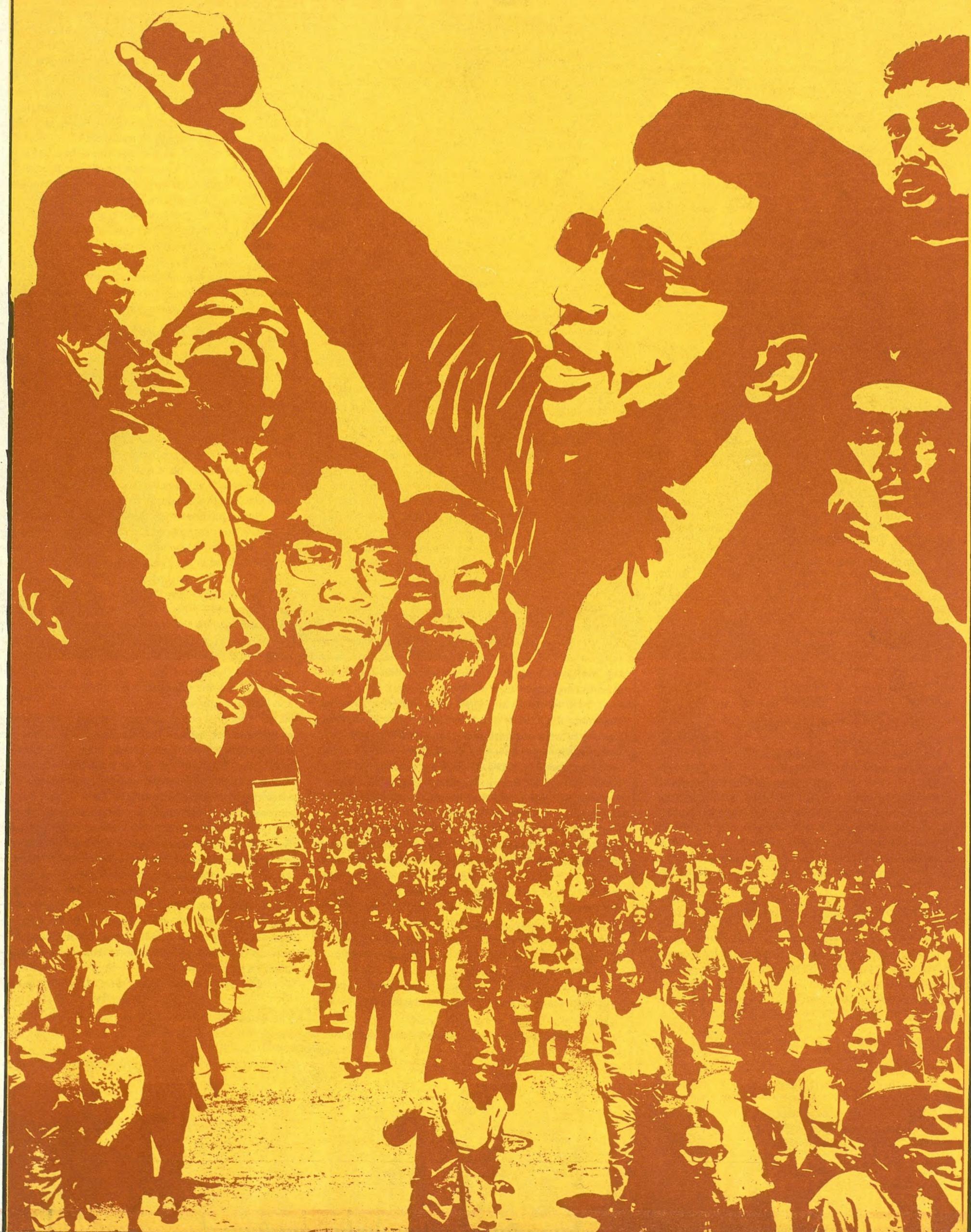
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Chicago 55¢
Vol. 4 No. 10

SECO



Sunday, December 15th. Karl is sitting at the desk nearest the door. The door opens and in come two characters who look like refugees from a Skip Williamson cartoon. They approach the desk and grunt:

"How much does an ad cost?"

"Please write it out," Karl cordially replies.

Karl reads the finished copy: "The Seed sucks a big hairy one."

Karl patiently counts letters and spaces. He looks up, a broad smile on his face, and says: "That will be \$38, please."

The apes split.

An hour later, the phone rings. George picks it up.

"How much is an ad?"

George, unaware of the earlier scene, asks: "What does it say?"

"Fuck the Seed."

"\$400 for 400 times," George answers, employing the principle of volume discounting that has made this country what it is today.

The line goes dead.

Another call. Wanderoo picks it up. "Where are the street-sellers going to be next week?" "Home cleaning their weapons," Wanderoo replies.

And yet another. This time Bill gets it. "Listen you assholes, you suck..." "Only ONE crank call per day per customer," Bill answers, and hangs up.

Another hour goes by. A long black car pulls up in front of the office. An unseen hand rolls down a window. Two eggs splat against the storefront glass. Outraged longhairs chase the car down the block.

Volume 4 Number 10 of the Seed, --which has windows at 2551 N. Halsted, telephones at 929-0133 (for info) and 929-0134 (for ads and yelling), subscriptions at \$6 for 26 issues, and affiliations at LNS, UPS and RPM -- is about people who throw eggs, people who shoot other people in their sleep, and people who are willing to struggle to be free. It's another milepost on a road stretching from one decade to the next; a road that becomes more difficult before it reaches where we want to go. It's a small step in a long march that will end only when the egg-throwers walk with us and the murderers no longer snipe at our people.

Vol. 4 no. 10 of the Seed is dedicated to those who died in the struggle this decade. To Chairman Fred Hampton of the Illinois Black Panther Party, who took some big steps down the road and then came back to help those who lagged behind; to Lenny Bruce, to Che Guevara, to Malcolm X, to Ho Chi Minh, to Martin Luther King, to John Coltrane, to James Rector, these names, these faces... others...to Bobby Hutton Mark Clark Bunchy Carter John Huggins Bruce & Eugenia Johnson Jack Kerouac Woody Guthrie Manuel Ramos John Howard Brian Jones Otis Redding Eric Dolphy Neal Cassidy da levy Marshall Bloom AJ Muste Medgar Evers Viola Liuzzo Goodman Schwermer Chaney Patrice Lumumba Nguyen Van Troi and many more not named here. Thousands of Vietnamese and other Third World peoples, hundreds of Black people in this country.

Happy New Year. The beat goes on.

This issue was made by Wanderoo, Marshall Rosenthal, Armando, George, Eliot, Abe Peck, Bill, Luscious Lynda, Rita Telephone, Ken the Bum, and Karl Heinz Meschbach; Allen Ginsburg, David Dawley, Libra, Ray Townley, Dorothy Bryant, Keith Lampe, Skip Williamson, Mike Gold, DeWitt Beale, and Chief of the Thugs, Donovan. CARL, RICK, TERRY, NEIL, KAY, LNS, EDD, ELDRIDGE, DOROTHY, RAY, TRIBE, AVEDON

Seed-	2551 N Halsted	929-0133
Rising Up Angry	(messages)	943-1424
Chicago Defender		225-2400
Second City	2120 N Halsted	549-8760
Chgo. Journ. Review		644-5255
Conspiracy	28 E Jackson	427-7773
Student Mob	9 S Clinton	236-1895
SDS	1608 Madison	666-3874
Newsreel	2440 N Lincoln	248-2018
Print Co-op	6710 N Clark	973-0219
Rev. Auto Co-op	3825 N Ashland	528-5112
Black Panther Party	2350 W Madison	243-8276
Concerned Citizens	2512 N Lincoln	348-6842
IWW	2422 N Halsted	495-5045
Young Patriots	1421 W Wilson	334-8957
LADO	2734 W Division	276-7314
YLO/PEOPLE'S CHURCH	834 W Armitage	549-5407
Chi Peace Council	343 S Dearborn	922-6578
*****	*****	*****
Mental Health Clnc	1900 N Sedgwick	642-3531
VD Clinic	27 E 26th St	842-0222
LSD Rescue		338-6750
Grace Church (runaways)	555 W Belden	549-1002
*****	*****	*****
Cadre	519 W North	664-6895
Hyde Pk Anti-Draft	5615 S Woodlawn	363-1248
No. Shore Anti-Draft		475-2260
Lawndale Assn.		636-7715
Amer. Friends	407 S Dearborn	427-2533
*****	*****	*****
ACLU	6 S Clark	236-5564
Law Student Comm.	357 E Chicago	649-8462
People's Law	2156 N Halsted	929-1880
*****	*****	*****
Police	(request district)	922-4747
Police Emergency		765-1313
Audy Home	2240 W Roosevelt	633-2300
Cook County Jail	26th & California	523-0101
Ombudsman	Box 8080, Chi 60680	744-8080

you can kill the

ACT I - A BROTHER FALLS

"You can kill the revolutionary but you can't kill the revolution. You can jail the liberator but you can't jail liberation. You can run the freedom fighter all over the country but you can't stop people from fighting for freedom."

"So said Fred Hampton and so say we." With those words spoken by Mrs. Meeker White — whose slave name belies her — Fred Hampton's bullet-ridden body was buried in the Bethel Cemetery outside of Haynesville, Louisiana.

Up North in Chicago, meanwhile, the long-run Theater of the Macabre played on, adding new dimensions to entertainment.

The Chicago production of "Hair" was viewed by a group of psychologists who then analyzed the play in a post-production onstage discussion. Michael Butler, producer of "Hair," was so moved by their presentation that he distributed a videotape of it to all "Hair" companies so that the actors "will know what they are doing."

State's Attorney Edward Hanrahan was an actor in the Murder of Fred and he knew what he was doing without the help, thank you, of effete psychologists. He understood his role so well that after the play he took it upon himself to write the first review: "We wholeheartedly commend the police officers for their bravery, their remarkable restraint and their discipline in the face of this Black Panther attack, as should every decent citizen in our community."

There was a difference between the critical reactions to Butler's and Hanrahan's productions, however. Whereas the underground press stood almost alone in deplored the exploitation of their culture by the "Hair" people, the black community, from the NAACP to Breadbasket to Rayner to the thousands who passed through the bloody stage at 2337 West Monroe, felt as one in knowing the filthy lie perpetrated by producer, director and stage manager Hanrahan. For the first time since the murder of Martin Luther King, Jr. the black community along with the heretofore rhetorical members of the white radical community saw in deathly colors the reality of a pig (i.e., non-human) power (i.e., anti-evolutionary) structure (i.e., non-responsive).

Fred Hampton and Mark Clark were murdered on December 4th. Four other members of the Black Panther Party were wounded in the same raid after a "legal" search warrant was issued by the Circuit Court. (To better understand the word "legal," we recommend "The Conspiracy Trial" now in its 12th week at the Federal Building, or read a small portion of the scenario printed on page four for your edification.)

Twelve hours after Fred Hampton and Mark Clark were killed, the apartment of Bobby Rush, Black Panther deputy minister of defense was raided. Bobby Rush was not at home, but an unregistered derringer and a small amount of pot were alleged to have been found. Because he wasn't at home with his wife and children, Bobby Rush is alive today. A warrant was issued for his arrest and he turned himself in to black policeman in front of 3,000 people at an Operation Breadbasket meeting so that "they wouldn't kill me."

Four days after the two Illinois Panther party members were murdered, 300 cops attacked the Los Angeles

offices of the Black Panther party at which they were held off for close to five hours by 13 Panthers. On December 10th, fifty helmeted, club-swinging police attacked 250 people demonstrating support for the Panthers in front of their bullet-riddled office. Thirty people were injured in the attack, including California state senator Mervyn Dymally and UCLA Communist philosophy professor Angela Davis. Both are black.

Within the past six months, more than 40 Panther leaders and about 125 members have been arrested, and many are facing charges which could lead to life imprisonment. In the few years the Party has been in existence, thirty-eight Black Panthers have been murdered. David Hilliard, the Panther Party's national Chief of Staff was arrested on December 3rd in downtown San Francisco for saying "We will kill Richard Nixon" at a November fifteenth antiwar rally in Golden Gate Park. (Hanrahan's police did kill Hampton and Clark, "Hair" kills the audience every night, Hilliard spoke the word "kill.")

ACT II - HOLD THE PRESSES!

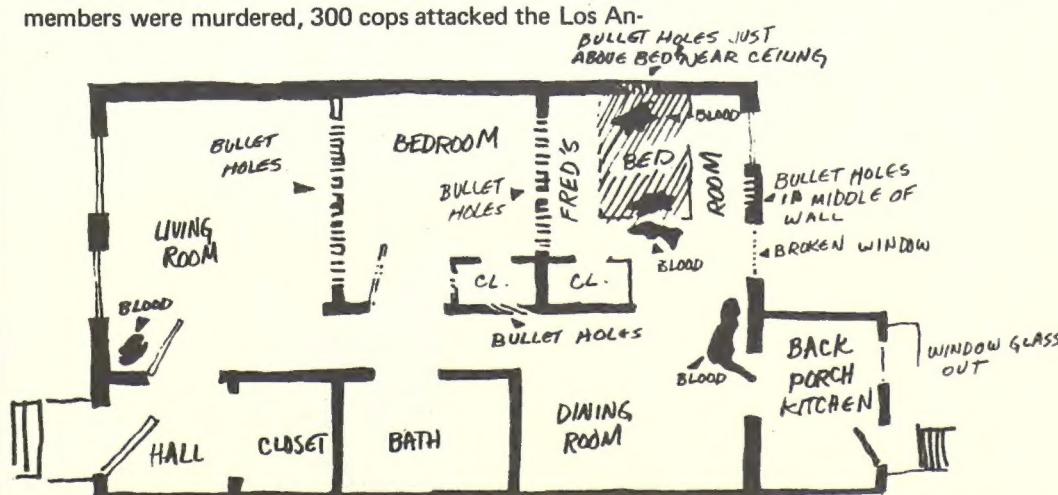
It is only the hard-core fearfus who are accepting Hanrahan's vicious vaudeville. Only the Chicago Tribune and the readers they represent would accept, without investigating, photos which purport to show bullet holes in the woodwork next to the back door which "proved" that the Panthers fired back at the "restrained and disciplined" officers. Every other metropolitan paper in Chicago sent a reporter back to the apartment to check out the Tribune's "Exclusive." The bullet holes turned out to be old nails in the woodwork.

And a picture which Hanrahan claimed to be of a bathroom door turned out to be a picture of a bedroom door. There are no bullet holes in the bathroom door. The third photo in the Tribune-Hanrahan story showed a "bullet hole" in the apartment's front door. Mike Royko, writing in the December 12th Chicago Daily News, observed—"This hole was supposed to be evidence that somebody in the living room fired a slug through the door with a 12-gauge shotgun. Yet, there are no holes in the wall a few feet beyond the door. Somehow a big slug that could tear a big hole in a thin door wouldn't have the momentum to travel a few feet more and dent a plaster wall."

"This final point, however, appears to be irrelevant at this moment, because Hanrahan's men have since gone on TV and changed their version of how the battle began. They had told the Tribune the battle began with that big bullet coming through the closed front door, after they had knocked. But on TV they said the first shot was fired at them after they got into the apartment."

On Friday, the 12th of December, Hanrahan moved his Monroe street destruction-production to television. He hired the news department of WBBM-TV to film a 28-minute uninterrupted by commercials ("Wipe out unpleasant underarm odors?") re-enactment of the raid. "[Hanrahan] was at the station Thursday night attempting to personally oversee the editing of the film," reports Daily News TV critic Norman Mark, "but left before air time, having been assured the air version would meet his requirements."

So much for Hanrahan, the Chicago Tribune, and



but

revolutionary



WBBM-TV.

Now we must get ready for the third act—"Investigations."

ACT III – INVESTIGATIONS

The following groups and individuals have called for or are initiating investigations: the Chicago Bar Association has asked for a "blue-ribbon" coroner's jury; Jerris Leonard, head of the civil rights division of the Justice Department who resigned from the Eagle's, a racist organization, only after public pressure fell upon him; the Cook County Bar Assn., an all-black group of lawyers; the Internal Inspections Division (IID) of the Chicago police department (remember their excellent work in the aftermath of the Democratic convention?); the daily papers (one of which would not print an anti-Hanrahan story on the eve of the murder, but since, feeling out the city's attitude, has done so—very moderately); and our old friends in the liberal community who continually call for investigations in order to expunge their guilt-feelings which arise from having chosen to "work within the system."

If we are to learn anything from history we should have learned by now that Investigations only investigate. They hold hearings and write reports. That's all. There was a Warren Commission, a Kerner Commission, a Civil

Right Commission. There have been hunger commissions and housing commissions. They've been televised, analyzed, filmed and filed. Doctoral candidates read them, people forget them. Commissions are boring, ineffectual theater.

We know Fred Hampton and Mark Clark are dead, and we know they were murdered at Hanrahan's direction. Nobody, not even the Chicago Tribune or WBBM-TV, is disputing that. A commission is not needed to make a six month investigation in order to conclude that Hampton and Clark were shot and killed by the state's attorney's police. What we have to do is to move, by every means necessary, to get on to the important business.

EPILOGUE

The murder of Fred Hampton and Mark Clark brought us at the Seed closer together than we had ever been. We saw the blood in the apartment and saw that it was ours. We responded in a way we knew best—putting together and distributing 35,000 copies of a two-page Seed Extra headlined "When One of Us Falls, 1,000 Will Take His Place;" we worked closely with the Black Panther Party helping to produce a Bulletin from their headquarters to the black community; in the past two weeks we have given speeches in the white middle-

class communities from which we came in order to raise money for the Fred Hampton Scholarship Fund, the Breakfast for Children program, and the People's Free Health Clinic. We are the same blood in the same struggle . . .

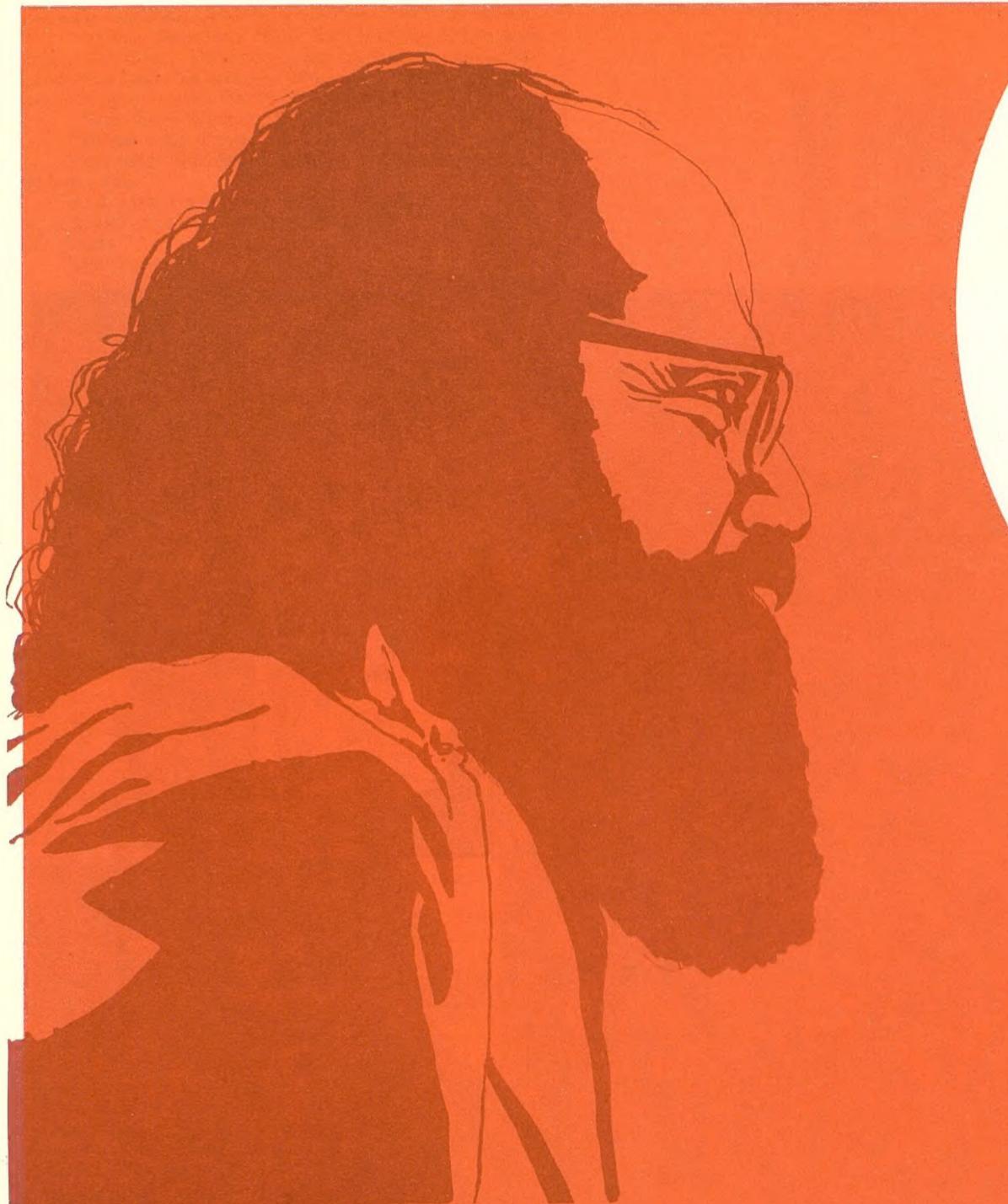
Except—our community is not occupied by a police army in the same way that the black community is; our community does not have the same high rate of unemployment as the black community has; our community does not have the same degree of exploitation by merchants and landlords as the black community has; our community does not have the same infant mortality rate as the black community has; and our community has not seen their brothers killed in their beds like the black community has.

Our community resides high on the slope, above the valley. We can afford dope and records and concerts and books. But we're not going to be free until our brothers and sisters in the black community are free. We're not going to be free to get on with the important work of solving ecological and environmental problems until we're all free. And this isn't going to happen until the twin monsters, Fear and Racism are slain — through every means necessary.

We are no longer living in a make-believe theater.

Marshall Rosenthal

you can't kill the revolution



Grant Park: Thurs Aug 29, 1968

Green air, Children sat under trees with the old,
bodies bare, eyes open to eyes under the hotel wall,
The ring of brown-clothed bodies armed but silent
 leaned on their rifles --
Harsh sound of Mikrophones, helicopter roar --
A current in the belly, future Marches & Detectives
 naked in bed --
Where? -- on the Planet, not Chicago, in late sunlight --
 Miserable picnic,
Police State or Garden of Eden?
In the building windowed, walled against the sky
Magicians exchange images, Vote-Money & handshakes --
the teargas drifted up to the Vice President naked in
 the bathroom
-- on the toilet taking a shit weeping?
Who wants to be President of the Garden of Eden?

Allen Ginsberg

The trial of the Conspiracy is a trial of one consciousness by another. On Thursday, December 11, Allen Ginsberg, poet and man of the planet, came to Julius Hoffman's courtroom to speak in behalf of Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, and the Yippie Festival of Life that fell before police clubs in Lincoln Park and on Michigan Avenue last August.

The following is an abridged transcript of Allen's testimony. It records a meeting between an ancient life-force struggling to be born again and a decaying America that cannot understand anything we believe in--from Black Panthers to white magic.

Abe Peck

THURSDAY: LEN WEINGLASS FOR THE DEFENSE

Q. Will you please state your full name?
A. Allen Ginsberg.
Q. What is your occupation?
A. Poet.
Q. Have you authored any books in the field of poetry?
A. Yes.
Q. Will you indicate to the jury the titles of the books you have authored?
A. In 1956, "Howl and Other Poems," in 1960, "Kadish and Other Poems," in 1963, "Empty Mirrors," in 1963, "Reality Sandwiches," and in 1968, "Planet News."
Q. Now, in addition to your writing, Mr. Ginsberg, are you presently engaged in any other activities?
A. I teach, lecture, and recite poetry at universities.
Q. Can you indicate to the jury without going extensively into your travels what your last trip in connection with teaching and lecturing consisted of.
A. I was at Princeton University for three days...
Q. Where have you studied?
A. In India and Japan.
Q. Could you indicate for the Court and jury what the area of your studies consisted of?
A. Mantra Yoga, Meditation exercises, chanting, and sitting quietly, stilling the mind and breathing exercises to calm the body and to calm the mind, but mainly a branch called Mantra Yoga, which is a Yoga which involves prayer and chanting.
Q. How long did you study?
A. I was in India for a year and a third, and then in

Japan studying with Gary Snyder, a Zen poet, at Dai Tokuji Monastery, D-a-i- T-o-k-u-j-i-, I sat there for the Za Zen sitting exercises for centering the body and quieting the mind.

Q. Are you still studying under your former teachers?

A. Yes, Swami Bahkti Vedanta, faith, philosophy, Bahkti Vedanta, B-a-h-k-t-i V-e-d-a-n-t-a, I have seen him and chanted with him the last few years in different cities, and he has asked me to continue chanting especially on public occasions.

[Note: During the lunch break, Allen was seen chanting in front of the Federal Building during an artists' demonstration to end the trial]

Q. Have you received any special permission with respect to the chanting from the persons under whom you have studied?

A. Yes, from Zen Master Barochi Suzuki, San Francisco Zen Buddhist Temple, who gave approval to my chanting of the highest perfect wisdom sutra, Prajna Paramita, P-r-a-j-n-a P-a-r-a-m-i-t-a.

And also from Swami Bahkti Vedanta and Swami Sat Chitananda of New York, also from the school of Di Rammerti Mishra, D-i R-a-m-m-e-r-t-i M-i-s-h-r-a, a yogi who was the advisor of the New York Yoga Society, by whose disciples I have been initiated as a Shavit, S-h-i-v-i-t. That is a branch of Hinduism.

All of these involves changing and praying, praying out loud and in community.

Q. In the course of a Mantra chant, is there any particular position that the person doing that assumes?

A. Any position which will let the stomach relax and be easy, fall out, so that inspiration can be deep into the body, to relax the body completely and calm the mind, based as cross-legged.

Q. And is it, the chanting, to be done privately or is it in public?

MR. FORAN: Oh, your honor, I object...

THE COURT [Judge Hoffman]: I think I have a vague idea of the witness' profession. It is vague.

MR. FORAN: I might indicate also that he is an excellent speller.

THE COURT: I sustain the objection, but I notice that he has said first he was a poet, and I will give him credit for all of the other things, too, whatever they are.

THE WITNESS: Sir-

THE COURT: Yes, sir.

THE WITNESS: In India, the profession of poetry and the profession of chanting are linked together as one practice.

THE COURT: That's right. I give you credit for that.

MR. WEINGLASS:

[Allen says that he worked with Jerry on anti-war rallies in Berkeley during 1965, and was at the Human Be-In held in San Francisco in 1967.]

Q. Would you describe for the court and jury what the be-in in San Francisco was?

A. A large assembly of younger people who came together to-

MR. FORAN: Objection, your honor.

THE COURT: Just a minute. I am not sure how you spell the be-in.

MR. WEINGLASS: Be-in, I believe. Be-in.

THE WITNESS: Human be-in.
THE COURT: I really can't pass on the validity of the objection because I don't know -- understand the question.

MR. WEINGLASS: I asked him to explain what a be-in was. I thought the question was directed to that possible confusion. He was interrupted in the course of the examination.

MR. FORAN: I would love to know also, but I don't think it has anything to do with this lawsuit.

MR. WEINGLASS: Well, let's wait and find out.

MR. FORAN: This is San Francisco in 1967.

THE COURT: I will let him, over the objection of the government, tell what a be-in is.

BY THE WITNESS: A gathering together of younger people aware of the planetary fate that we are all sitting in the middle of, imbued with a new consciousness and desiring of a new kind of society involving prayer, music and spiritual life together rather than competition and war.

MR. WEINGLASS: Did you have occasion--and was that the activity that was engaged in in San Francisco at this be-in?

A. There was what was called a gathering of the tribes of all the different affinity groups, political groups, spiritual groups, Yoga groups, music groups and poetry groups that all felt the same crisis of identity and crisis of the planet and political crisis in America, who all came together in the largest assemblage of much younger people that had taken place since the war...

THE COURT: Now having had it explained to me, I will hear from you.

MR. FORAN: I object, your honor.

THE COURT: I sustain the objection...

[Bill Kunstler, the other defense attorney, calls Foran out for laughing at Allen's answer.]
[Allen then describes his first meeting with Abbie about Yippie]

A. We talked about the possibility of extending the feeling of humanity and compassion of the human

be-in in San Francisco to the City of Chicago during the time of the political convention, the possibility of inviting the same kind of younger people and the same kind of teachers who had been at the San Francisco human be-in to Chicago at the time of the convention in order to show some different new planetary life-style than was going to be shown to the younger people by the politicians who were assembling....

Q. Do you recall what Mr. Hoffman said in the course of that conversation?

A. Yippie!—among other things. He said that politics had become theater and magic; that it was the manipulation of imagery through mass media that was confusing and hypnotizing the people in the United States and making them accept a war that they did not really believe in; that people were involved in a life-style that which was intolerable to the younger folks, which involved brutality and police violence as well as a larger violence in Viet Nam, and that ourselves might be able to get together in Chicago and invite teachers to present different ideas of what is wrong with the planet, what we can do to solve the pollution crisis, what we can do to make the society more sacred and less commercial, less materialistic, what we could do to uplevel or improve the whole tone of the trap that we all felt ourselves in as the population grew and as politics became more and more violent and chaotic.

...I was worried as to whether or not the whole scene would get violent. I was worried whether we would be allowed to put on such a situation. I was worried whether the government, you know, would let us do something that was funnier or prettier or more charming than what was going to be going on in the convention hall. [The above was struck from the record. Allen went on to describe a phone conversation with Jerry about plans for Chicago.]

A. Yes. He said that he thought it would be interesting if we could set up tents and areas within the park where kids could come and sleep, and set up little schools like ecology schools, music schools, political schools, schools about the Viet Nam war, to go back into history, schools with Yogis.

He suggested that I contact whatever professional breathing-exercise Yogi Swami teachers I could find and invite them to Chicago and asked if I could contact Burroughs and ask Burroughs to come also and teach non-verbal, non-conceptual feeling states.

Q. Now you indicated a school of ecology. Could you explain to the court and jury what that is?

A. Ecology is the interrelation of all the living forms on the surface of the planet involving the food-chain—that is to say, whales eat plankton, little organisms in the ocean, tiny microscopic organisms called plankton, larger fish eat the smaller fish, octopus or squid eat shell fish which eat plankton, human beings eat the octopus or squid or smaller fish which eat the smaller tiny micro-organisms.

MR. FORAN: That is enough, your honor.

THE COURT: You say that is enough.

MR. FORAN: I think that the question is now responsive.

THE COURT: YES. We all have a clear view now of what ecology is.

...MR. WEINGLASS: Now you have also indicated that Mr. Rubin mentioned non-verbal education. Will you explain?

A. Most of our consciousness, since we are continually looking at images on television and listening to words, reading newspapers, talking in courts such as this, most of our consciousness is filled with language, with a kind of matter-babble behind the ears, a continuous yackety-yack that actually prevents us from breathing deeply in our bodies and sensing more subtly and sweetly the feelings that we actually do have as persons to each other rather than as to talking machines.

[Len Weinglass asks Allen about a statement he made at a Yippie press conference held in March of 1968]

A. My statement was that the planet Earth, at the present moment, was endangered by violence, overpopulation, pollution, ecological destruction brought about by our own greed? that the younger children in America and other countries of the world might not survive the next thirty years, that it was a planetary crisis that had not been recognized by any government of the world and had not been recognized by our own government, nor the politicians who were preparing for the elections; that the younger people of America were aware of that and that precisely what was called psychedelic consciousness; that we were going to gather together as we had before in the San Francisco Human Be-in to manifest our presence over and above the presence of the more selfish elder politicians who were not thinking in terms of what their children would need in future generations or even in the generation immediately coming or even for themselves in their own lifetime and were continuing to threaten the planet with violence. with war, with mass murder, with germ warfare, and since the younger people knew that the central motive would be a presentation of a desire for the preservation of the planet. The desire for preservation of the planet and the planet's form, that we do continue to be, to exist on this planet instead of destroy the planet, was manifested to my mind by the great Mantra from India to the preserver God Vishnu whose Mantra is Hare

Krishna, and then I chanted the Hare Krishna Mantra for ten minutes to the television cameras and it goes:

'Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna, Krishna, Krishna
Hare Hare, Rama Hare, Rama Rama
Hare Hare.'

Q. Now in chanting that did you have an accompaniment of any particular instrument?

MR. FORAN: Objection as immaterial. He wants to know if there was accompaniment of an instrument.

THE COURT: By an instrument do you mean—

MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor, I object to the laughter of the court on this...I think this is a serious presentation of a religious concept.

THE COURT: I don't understand it. I don't understand it because it was—the language of the United States District Court is English.

MR. KUNSTLER: I know, but you don't laugh at all languages.

THE WITNESS: I would be glad to explain it, sir.

THE COURT: I didn't laugh. I didn't laugh.

THE WITNESS: I would be happy to explain it.

THE COURT: I didn't laugh at all. I wish I could tell you how I feel. Laugh, I didn't even smile.

MR. KUNSTLER: Well, I thought—

THE COURT: All I could tell you is that I didn't understand it because whatever language the witness used—

THE WITNESS: Sanskrit, sir.

THE COURT: What is it?

THE WITNESS: Sanskrit, sir.

THE COURT: Sanskrit?

THE WITNESS: Yes.

THE COURT: Well, that is one I don't know. That is the reason I didn't understand it.

THE WITNESS: There is a popular song put out by the Beatles with those words.

THE COURT: I am not interested in—

MR. FORAN: Your Honor, of course the laughter came from everybody that Mr. Kunstler is usually defending for laughing.

MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor, I would say—You mean from the press?

THE WITNESS: Might we go on to an explanation.

THE COURT: Will you keep quiet, Mr. Witness, while I am talking to the lawyers?

THE WITNESS: I will be glad to give an explanation.

THE COURT: I never laugh at a witness, sir. I protect witnesses who come to this court. They are entitled to the protection of the Court. But I do tell you that as I am sure you know, the language of American courts is English. The English language, unless we have an interpreter for the remainder of this witness' testimony.

MR. KUNSTLER: No. I have heard, your Honor, priests explain themselves in Latin in American courts and I think Mr. Ginsberg is doing exactly that same thing in Sanskrit for another type of religious experience.

THE COURT: No, no. Your are mistaken.

MR. KUNSTLER: Your honor, I can't—

THE COURT: I don't understand Sanskrit. I venture to say the members of the jury don't. Perhaps we have some people on the jury who do understand Sanskrit, I don't know, but I wouldn't even have known it was Sanskrit until he told me.

MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor, I don't think it is being offered for people to understand the literal meaning of the words. It is being offered as an example of what he did before national television...

THE COURT: I can't see that that is material to the issues here, that is all.

MR. WEINGLASS: Let me ask this: Mr. Ginsberg, I show you an object marked 150 for identification, and I ask you to examine that object.

A. Yes

MR. FORAN: All right. (Allen opens a box and begins to play music on what everyone in the court suddenly learns is a harmonium). Your honor, that is enough. I object to it, Your Honor. I think that it is outrageous for counsel to—

THE COURT: You asked him to examine it and instead of that he played a tune on it.

MR. FORAN: I mean, counsel is so clearly—

THE COURT: I sustain the objection.

MR. FORAN: —talking about things that have no conceivable materiality to this case, and it is improper, your Honor.

THE WITNESS: It adds spirituality to the case, sir.

THE COURT: Will you remain quiet, sir.

THE WITNESS: I am sorry.

THE COURT: My obligation is to protect you, but my obligation is to see that you act in accordance with the law.

THE WITNESS: I agree sir.

MR. WEINGLASS: Having examined that, could you identify it for the Court and the jury?

MR. FORAN: I object to it. It is immaterial.

MR. WEINGLASS: I am not offering it. It is an exhibit marked for identification. We are entitled to have it identified.

THE COURT: You are entitled to have it identified. What is it?

THE WITNESS: It is an instrument known as the Harmonium, which I used at the press conference at the Americana Hotel.

THE COURT: All you were asked was what is it, sir?

THE WITNESS: It is a musical instrument which is used to accompany Mantra chanting, to accompany the chanting of the Hare Krishna Mantra, and other Mantras. It is commonly used in India—

THE COURT: You have answered that sir.

MR. FORAN: I object to that.

THE COURT: I sustain the objection.

WEINGLASS: Now in the Mantra chanted at the press conference, were you accompanied with that instrument?

A: I was accompanying myself on that instrument. I was chanting, rather than pronouncing it as I did before. At the press conference, I chanted.

Q. Will you explain to the Court and to the jury what chant you were chanting at the press conference?

A. I was chanting a Mantra called the Maha-Mantra, the Great Mantra of Preservation of that aspect of the Indian religion called Vishnu, the Preserver, whom every time human evil, human evil rises so high that the planet itself is threatened, and all of its inhabitants and their children are threatened, Vishnu will preserve a return.

MR. FORAN: I object to that.

(Editor's note: He would.)

THE COURT: Oh, yes, I sustain the objection, and I strike the answer of the witness. I direct the jury to disregard it.

When you offer anything in a foreign language, sir, and you think it is material, you must have an interpreter here so that the witness can be—

THE WITNESS: Sir, it is a legal record here.

THE COURT: Did you hear what I said earlier?

MR. WEINGLASS: If the court pleases, I do have an interpreter. The interpreter happens to be the witness.

THE COURT: Oh, no, that would hardly be fair. An interpreter must be responsible to the Court, and he must take a special oath. I don't know whether you know that or not, but we have a special oath here for interpreters.

MR. WEINGLASS: It is my understanding that an interpreter is only used when the witness is not proficient in the English language and requires the aid of an interpreter.

THE COURT: He used another language here.

MR. WEINGLASS: And he has the capacity to explain it to the jury. Therefore an interpreter is not necessary.

THE COURT: It is impossible to cross-examine a man when he is using Sanskrit which is a language—

THE WITNESS: I am speaking English, sir.

THE COURT: which is not used. Now I have tried to be as kind as I could to you.

WITNESS: I am trying to be kind to you.

THE COURT: I don't want you to interrupt me when I am speaking.

(The jury is released for the day.)

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12:

(Before the session starts, Lee Weiner requests permission to leave for 45 minutes to fix his glasses. The judge asks that he waive his right to be present. Lee's reply is 'Allen could never hurt me. Yes.') (Allen is asked by Len Weinglass to describe a meeting with Jerry held at Allen's house in mid-April of 1968. This happens just after Allen has listed the categories of the Youth International Party.)

Q. Looking at the top of the document, the left-hand column, is there a category indicated?

A. YES: Music.

Q. Music. And then is there another category listed under that?

A. Theater.

Q. And another category listed under that?

A. Art.

Q. Another under that?

A. Newspaper.

Q. Under that?

A. Religion.

Q. Under that?

A. Film.

Q. The next.

A. Sex.

Q. And the last one?

A. Games.

Q. And your name appears in which category?

A. The religious category.

(The meeting is then discussed. Weinglass asks him to say what was related.)

A...Then I asked him what his personal intentions were for the Festival of Life, how he felt about it, what he wanted out of it, and he said he felt it was necessary that a lot of people come; that the only way a lot of people would come is if there were really good vibrations coming out of us and that he wanted it to be a peaceful gathering.

I asked him that specifically because I was scared—(An objection to a statement of feeling is made and sustained).

A. I told him that I was scared of getting into a scene where I would get beaten up or a mob scene because I was not used to that and I didn't want to. I was

CONTINUED TO PAGE 23



HIGH SCHOOL

High school principals and PTAs are probably very grateful that schools tend to isolate students, to cut them off, but we know that this is a real problem. And one of the reasons is that people have very little contact with students who aren't acting on their beliefs simply because they feel all alone and don't know what they can do.

So Chicago Newsreel, arch-foe of PTAs everywhere, has set up a liberation school, a weekly meeting of high school activists and semi-activists. Every week at 1:00 Sunday a bunch of people troop into the Newsreel office and sit around and talk to each other about what they're doing and how they can do it better and the latest atrocities at school and they watch a film or two and read and laugh a lot. Newsreel people and interested attendees are planning to expand it soon, to hold workshops on organizing, doing underground papers and printing, presenting study groups in the Black Panther Party and the situation of black people, the war, imperialism, the draft, the situation of women and women's liberation, and whatever else the people coming want to study. And of course there are tons of literature and film. School is every Sunday at 1:00 at 2440 N. Lincoln, phone 248-2018. Bring your friends.

* * *

Meanwhile, a lot has been happening. As Moratorium activities seem to decline, the hoary institution of the dress code is being dealt fatal blows at many schools. In many cases dress codes are being "revised" or "liberalized" or "re-examined" after the people at the school act on it, and in many other cases administrators are doing it in before the students get angry.

One hundred girls at MAINE SOUTH wore pants in defiance of the dress code, and it now looks like the dress code has been laid to rest. The administration says that the new code should be ready after Christmas, but the people are just going ahead and wearing what they want.

At PROSPECT, a "three-month trial period" for female slacks-wearing has been announced. THORNTON people petitioned and finally got a vote by which the dress code was dropped. CENTRAL's was "liberalized" a week or so after an amusing little incident.

According to the victim: "I was in the dean's office for having my shirttail untucked—there's no written

rule against it—and he refused to show me any justification for him telling me how to wear it. First he asked me to tuck it in out of respect for him. Ha ha. Then he said that he was a man because he tucked in his shirttails, and he was going to make a man out of me by making me tuck in my shirttails. Finally, they called in the other dean, and we sort of ended up in a draw. I left without tucking it in, but later in the day I put it in just so I could walk around in peace for awhile. I'll never give in that much again."

At ROOSEVELT, a black student was kicked out for supposedly hitting a teacher, and is now attending CRANE. A person was suspended at MORGAN PARK for passing out leaflets off school grounds. At GLEN-BROOK SOUTH people are being suspended regularly for smoking and touching the opposite sex. Two students distributing Moratorium strike literature were arrested at GAGE PARK. Three people got three days a piece for distributing their underground paper. Teachers at HINSDALE CENTRAL threatened armband-wearers with lowering grades. Ten students at ST. CHARLES were arrested for disorderly conduct which consisted of "disrupting classes" by standing across the street wearing armbands.

The American Civil Liberties Union is suing MORTON WEST high school for not admitting Michael Hage because he has long hair. He has been out of school since October 20. In a press conference, a spokesman for ACLU said that many schools in the area have been blatantly ignoring court decisions affirming students' rights to have long hair and to protest. MAINE EAST and WEST, PROVISO EAST, CARY, ST. CHARLES, DUNDEE and CROWN high schools, and GLEN ELLYN junior high were named as defying these court decisions. Students at Glen Ellyn, some only 11-years old, were removed from classes for wearing Moratorium armbands.

A person at WHEELING high resigned from the National Honor Society after the administration harassed him because he didn't sell his quota of "Wheeling Wildcat" pennants. In his letter of resignation, he condemned the grading system as being contrary to the true interests of education.

Two thousand dollars a day is being spent for 35 uniformed officers at THORNTON following "severe racial disturbances" there last month. Twenty-five black

students were suspended by the all-white administration, half of them are up for extension. On December 1st and 2nd, 1200 and 900 people, respectively, walked out of classes. Some folks who think that people should be fighting "da pigs" instead of each other are starting a paper there.

Other papers include Brother and The Living Supplementary at the LIONS' schools: The Shape of Things to Come at QUIGLEY SOUTH; and Shove It at DE LA SALLE, Mayor Daley's alma mater.

At FLOWER VOCATIONAL there was a disturbance" at which police used mace, and the next day about 250 girls got together in the lobby to protest. School officials managed to move the demonstration to the auditorium where the crowd grew to 600 and became more unruly. People started throwing plates in the cafeteria and setting wastebasket fires. Then a group walked over to CRANE, broke some windows, picked up some Crane students, walked over to CREGIER Vocational, where they eventually quit. In the last few weeks there has been black vs. white, kids vs. cops, and/or people vs. property battles at several other city schools.

* * *

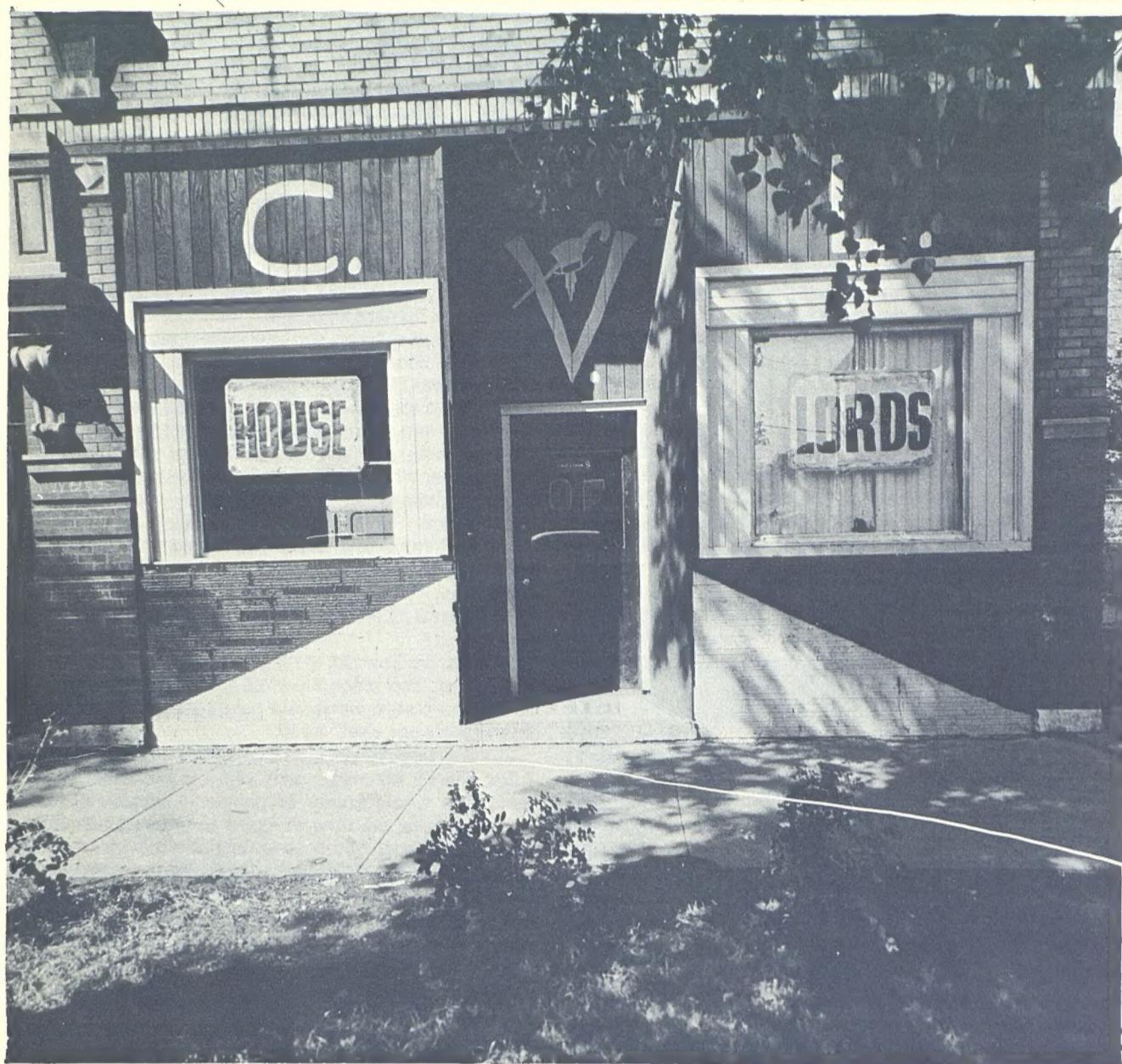
The Seed would appreciate getting copies of high school underground papers. We would also appreciate people calling (929-0133) and letting us know what's happening at their schools. A thousand thanks to those who already have.

Yossarian

SPIRO AGNEW, '37

Debate 1; Pep Club 1, 2,3,4; Football Manager 1; Baseball Manager 2; Basketball Manager 3; Washroom Attendant 4; Student Council 1,2,3, 4,5; Voted Most Effete Snob of Senior Class.





Photos are production stills from a filmed documentary history of the Vice Lords directed by Dewitt Beall, to be released by Filmsmith in early 1970. Above, the House of Lords, recreation center of the Homan St. Lords. Below, Beall and members of the Filmsmith Crew discuss a scene with the Lords.

WEST SIDE

STORY

Chicago, infamous in confrontation and windy with politics, is also the command post of an insidious witch hunt -- a War on Gangs, a licensed repression of black youth quarterbacked by Mayor Richard J. Daley in a tragic parody of the U.S. military intervention in Southeast Asia.

Mayor Daley, State's Attorney Edward Hanrahan, and Gang Intelligence chief Capt. Edward Buckney -- the metropolitan counterparts of Richard Nixon, John Mitchell and Melvin Laird -- are swinging unforgiving axes over the waving fists of street power.

Since late Spring, the Buddha of City Hall has frightened white resources away from black youth groups that are struggling to develop positive opportunity for the young masses left out of the Great Society.

Grant Park, Conspiracy, and Weatherman are movement milestones in Chicago, but equally heroic, equally repressed struggles occur daily near Sixteenth and Lawndale and Woodlawn are Daley's Vietnam. There are rising black nations on these streets that Daley and Hanrahan attempt to contain in very heavy-handed and very dirty fashion.

Faced with rising crime rates, the Mayor responded with all the subtlety of a Lyndon Johnson: he increased the Gang Intelligence Unit of the Chicago Police Department from 38 men in 1967 to 200 in 1969, just as the United States increased troops in Vietnam from 23,000 in 1965 to 484,000 in September, 1969. In May, Daley announced his War on Gangs, a military control program of the kind that the United States should have discovered by now is ineffectual in stopping popular insurgency unless there are parallel concerns for the social, economic and political aspects of that insurgency. In Vietnam, U.S. deaths increased as the troops became more numerous, but the United States was always near

an elusive "victory." In Chicago, crime continues and the public is scared, but Mayor Daley insists that nobody will disrupt his city.

On November 14, Bobby Gore, spokesman for the Conservative Vice Lords Inc., was indicted for murder. Five minutes after an indictment that Hanrahan had personally supervised, Muffin Tobin, the State's Attorney's secretary, was running to local newspapers with a handful of blarney that denounced private foundations for coddling gangsters. His message was premature by any legal standards.

Dreaming of his political future, Hanrahan seemed to forget that a man is innocent until proved guilty. His statement claimed that the murder accusation disproves "the myth about the constructive activities of gangs and should cause foundations and others to intensify their scrutiny of persons seeking money from them to make certain those funds are not being used to arm street gangsters or for other idleness." He cited grants to the Vice Lords from the Sears Foundation, the Field Foundation of Illinois, the Ford Foundation, the Rockefeller Foundation and the Department of Labor Manpower Program.

Hanrahan's unconcealed joy at nabbing Gore is not coincidental with Gore's increasing prominence as a community leader and with the emergence of the Vice Lords as an effective community organization.

During the past two years, CVL has opened a restaurant, an art studio, a clothing boutique and a Tastee Freez outlet; has instituted a tenants rights program, a management training institute, and recreation storefronts called the House of Lords; and has responded to other community needs with beautification, protests of state welfare cuts and participation in Jesse Jackson's Operation Breadbasket campaign for government action against hunger.

In recent months, the group has appeared in the vanguard of the Chicago movement to end discrimination in the construction trade unions. LSD (Lords, Stones, and Disciples) proved a bad trip for the unions when \$80 million of construction was halted by the Coalition For United Community Action and the street power of Vice Lords, Black P-Stones and Black Disciples.

According to the Chicago Journalism Review, Mayor Daley was once president of the Hamburg Athletic Association, which "started as a tough bunch of street fighters, but, as they accumulated political power, became a more 'legitimate' social club and softball team." Now Chicago's most prominent citizen feels that youth groups "seek to cloak their criminal activities under the guise of social involvement and what they advertise as constructive endeavors." Daley and Hanrahan should both be so concerned about the crime syndicate, which apparently upsets neither of them, except at election time.

Mayor Daley has failed to understand the deficiencies of our society that voices from the street are protesting. He understands conventional structure, sacred rules, elaborate procedures and precise manipulation of political machinery. He does not understand that you cannot coerce respect, obedience or assimilation into a hypocritical society.

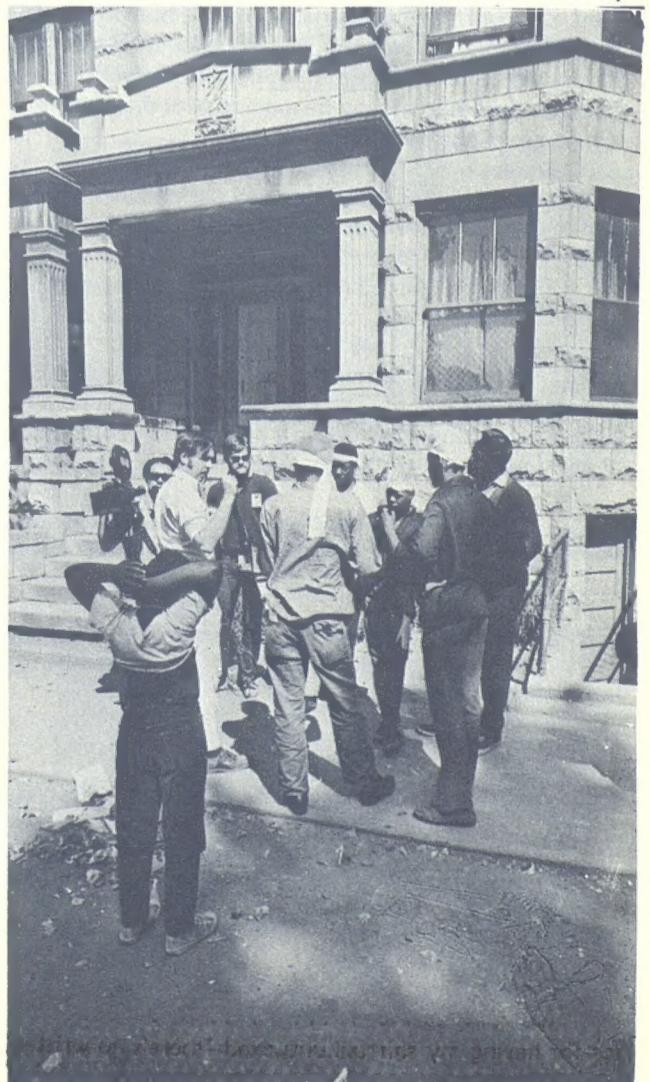
Though the direction of the Vice Lords is toward social and economic accommodation with traditional systems, this accommodation will not be possible unless the Mayor and others realize that fundamental changes in the system are also required. But, after all, as the Journalism Review summarizes, "Daley is a hamburger."

Extremist behavior will continue in Chicago as long as the Mayor fails to understand what is happening on the street. Perhaps the Mayor, Hanrahan, and Buckney do understand, but feel threatened politically by the development of autonomous youth groups. Perhaps what they desire is to provoke a disturbance similar to the Battle of Grant Park during the Democratic Convention so they can crush rebellious black youth while the silent majority sings God Bless America.

As Capt. Edward Buckney stated in an interview in July, 1968: "If we could just keep the good people from trying to win prestige by associating with street gangs our work would be ever so much easier." With Bobby Gore as expendable fuel for his fires of repression, Hanrahan has signaled what this work will be.

A recent CVL brochure quotes President Alfonso Alford as saying that "The Supreme Court and Congress have acted on the rights of people, but it is the actions of people that will determine how we survive." Hanrahan's action on behalf of the people warns us that McCarthyism and Agnewism are hardly the exclusive province of Republican Yahoos. Witch hunting is not dead; repression is alive and well and living in Chicago.

David Dawley



ROCK RIP-OFF

In 1956, rock was born and the older generation called it "teenage" music, and wouldn't show Elvis' hips shakin' on TV. Its popularity was attributed to the fact that adults couldn't stand it. But by 1960, someone had invented a formula for turning rock into money, and Chuck Berry and all that energy were long gone.

While American youth were searching through folk music for an honest message, the British were fooling around with rock n' roll, and when the Beatles hit the US, rock was reborn overnight.

The fusion of literate, linear folk and the electric energy of rock formed the first wave of American rock --- folk-rock. Restructuring the messages of Dylan, Seeger and other folk giants, musicians produced rock with relevance; music with a message.

A large dose of acid swung it over to free-form high-energy jams, coming of age in San Francisco in 1966. Even overflowing with vibratory energy, the message still came through loud and clear --- get high and drop out of the rotting dinosaur-hulk American society.

The lyrics and images of rock music have played an active part in turning around the heads of hundreds of thousands of warbabies -- the teens of 1958 thru 1968. More than just music, the life-style of rock musicians crystallized the vague notion of "hippie life" for kids a thousand miles from either coast. Tim Leary was right when he said that the rock star has become a culture hero --- they define the culture for those geographically or spiritually cut off from the life-style. Their extensive access to the media make them ubiquitous neighbors in the global village.

In 1967, the life-style of the rock musician represented the vanguard of the new culture --- living in communes and playing free concerts in the park, they were the energy centers of local communities. It's been a few years since then, and many of the alternatives of 1967 have been played out. Free concerts in the park invite police riots, and most communal houses have drowned in a sea of dope busts. Loving the cop who clubs or arrests you is not feasible, and travelling around the country with long hair is an excursion requiring health insurance.

At the same time that the Amerikan octopus has made it impossible to ignore the day-to-day repression of

living in the city, it seems to have perpetrated some heavy changes on our culture-heroes as well. Covering the iron fist with the velvet glove, it extended a fistful of dollars to bands who were willing to turn their music into a commodity. Groups that would take their place in the production-distribution-promotion-and-sales pecking order would be rewarded by being made honorary superstars, entitled to articles in Time magazine, groupie-adulation and more money than a month of panhandling could extract.

And sell out they did. In groups of three, four and five, they took the bait and signed on the dotted line. The \$2 dance was replaced by the "concert" at \$5 a head and the free show in the park was replaced by the "Festival." Community bands all over the country disappeared in the rush to the West Coast, and the communal houses vanished in transit to places like Mill Valley and Laurel Canyon where a far-out house and a half acre of land made the suburbs sound hip. Energy centers dissipated in a barrage of spiffy album covers and equally spiffy dollar bills.

The ethic that we are opposing in Amerika is specifically the one that has bought off the social conscience of the white working class by making them members of the middle class. It is the same ethic that buys houses in the suburbs for the nouveau middle-class with money ripped off the lower-class Black and Brown communities in the ghettos; that boasts of an average income of \$100 a week while controlling 70% of the resources in a world where the income ranges around \$200 or \$300 a year.

We are now in the process of trying to build a culture not only parallel to that one, but one that will undermine the dominant culture to the extent of causing its collapse. Every dollar in your pocket represents the System's exploitation of someone --- blacks unable to get union jobs, migrant agricultural workers, Latin American peasants --- who don't have a shot at a house in the suburbs. Every dollar you have can flow in one of two directions; to the ruling culture, reinforcing the corruption that oppresses minority cultures on a world-wide scale; or back to the counter-culture that will some day destroy the props of the "overground" system.

Every time one of us plunks down \$3.50 for an album or \$5 for a concert, another wave of reinforcement

flows through the entire hierarchy that starts with local greedcreeps and carries all the way to the corporate offices of RCA, CBS, and the like; bread oozing out of our culture into theirs. A neat chunk of this bread, however, goes to guys with long hair who smoke dope and sing about times that are a-changin': longhairs who are taking this bread and splitting to the suburbs just like the rest of the middle class -- assuring that the money that WE lay on them goes back to the corporate monster.

The music of our culture is being used to preserve the status quo by people splitting from the hassles that we face every day for the comforts of suburbia. They are recluses who catch glimpses of the community that supports them when they commute to the city for a recording date.

And for a few dollars more, you can build your own personal recording studio right out there in the suburbs, too.

What it all comes down to is: What are we going to do about it?

Can we boycott the music entirely? Probably not; it's become too much a part of everyone's life-style, and there's no reason we should have to sacrifice our music due to someone else's greed.

Can we get our music together communally? Hopefully; there's no reason why one record can't serve to turn on a whole family of people --- communal record buying lessens the flow of bread to the business end of music. We must find a communal alternative to the \$5 packaged rock concert; free music by local groups and free time at local clubs are ours for the demanding. Free community music substitutes spontaneity, participation and closeness for "name" bands, passivity and overcrowding. What if every Sunday was free music night at the Kinetic Playground til 3 a.m.?

Most importantly, can we hold the groups whose music we subsidize accountable for the bread we give them? Sure; if we confine our record buying and concert-going to bands that display a willingness to share the fruits of their labor -- both financial and musical -- with their brothers in the community. Let's get some real feedback from those amps! YOU CAN'T BE A CULTURE-HERO IF YOU'RE NOT PART OF THE CULTURE.

.. the librarian as informer ..

If you've been reading something from the public library that has to do with a matter the police are also interested in -- there is a chance they know about your reading habits. Most public libraries mark your card number on the card that is slipped in the book (it is kept by the library while you have the book), and it is easy for them to find the names of the borrowers from these numbers. So before you start celebrating that your library has Cleaver's Soul on Ice on its shelves, remember that the librarian may be making periodic reports on the names of the people who read it.

A group of librarians across the country are becoming more and more concerned about some of their colleagues who are reporting innocent reading programs to Big Brother for his dirty mind to work on.

Detroit Public Library has frequently reported on persons who take out materials on graphics so that the FBI can check them out for counterfeiting (the librarian who let this information slip to colleagues stated that counterfeiting was the second most serious crime in the U.S., second only to treason; a hip librarian commented that it was strange the government considered crimes



against money more serious than crimes against people.)

A small public library in Arizona gave a list of names of people who had checked out books on leather and skin curing to the police and later on a long-haired couple and their child were found tied to the edge of a cliff by farmers who had gotten the word that they might have ripped off a couple of sheep.

So far the reports have all been about non-political

informing (if there is such a thing), but it seems obvious that if political informing hasn't been done, it will be. The local Illinois Social Responsibilities Round Table, a professional librarians group, went on record in October condemning informing as un-professional, and stating that it had had reliable reports of the matters listed above, and other instances of attempts by the police to get the names of people who read obscene materials and those who want maps or plans of areas where protests or demonstrations are to be held.

The same group stated the obligation of library administrators to respect the desires of those staff members who want to observe the Moratorium. It also passed a resolution which insisted that a librarian should buy additional copies of materials which are under attack by the censors -- in order to "ensure an informed public," they said.

Not all librarians are agents of The Man, but until you know which are which -- be careful. If you need materials from the library that might get you into trouble, rip them off -- then return them in the book drop so that someone else can use them.

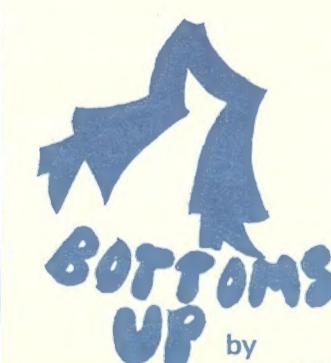
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It was the DAY before christmas.....

Its Christmas in the CITY and

FRED HAMPTON is MURDERED
the My Lai massacre sells LIFE magazine
People's Park is a parking lot

and

the CONSPIRACY "trial"
is being conducted by Adolph Hoffman

and
we are having a Holyday March
to

demand the arrest of

HANRAHAN

WHO should not be allowed
to pretend

he is HUMAN.

WE will pull it together
at the FEDERAL BUILDING
with

balloons

snow balls

free theater

SCROOGE

dope

music

eldridge CLEAVER

incense

red flags

NLF flags

YIPPIE flags

and

the mysterious SANTA CLAUS

at 12 NOON

on DEC. 24.

WHEN we are ready
WE

will go on a WINDOW SHOPPING SPREE
to the CIVIC CENTER
where

a RALLY
RAP
and

PEOPLES JURY SESSION
finding HANRAHAN a PIG
GUILTY

of MURDER in the 1st DEGREE.

ITs Christmas in the CITY
and through the eyes of our SOUL
we have seen

the FAT windows of "WHITE" Christmas glee
of a million plastic presents
of cigarette cartons
and booze

are PRISON CELLS
made of GLASS
which
we NOW see through
and WHICH
we MUST TRASH through.

SO

in this the CHRISTMAS of MY LAI
and FRED HAMPTONS FUNERAL
BOBBY SEALES JAIL CELL
a 10:30 curfew for all KIDS
the millionth pot bust
we will go WINDOW SHOPPING
will MAKE our own PRESENTS
will be HUMAN
will be FREE.

Hundreds of empty cans were dumped on the door-step of Continental Can company in San Francisco by a group calling itself the Canyon League of Re-Cyclists. If the company makes money out of creating garbage it should do something about disposing of it, spokesmen explained. Continental Can officials disclaimed responsibility and had one of the protestors arrested for "littering."

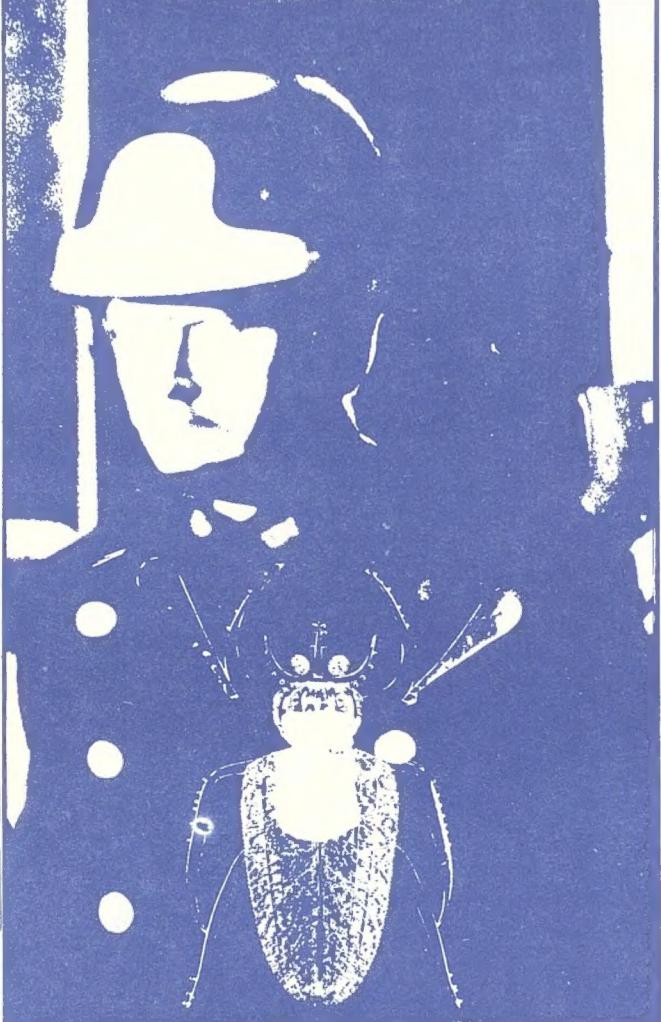
While "America's Number One Football Fan", Dick Nixon, was awarded the "Distinguished American" plaque at a National Football Foundation dinner on December 9, outside the plush hotel, 5000 people voiced their doubts about his distinction.

While 1400 black-tied football fans (rich ones) gave the prez a standing ovation, busloads of pigs were blowing the whistle to start their own peculiar form of the national pastime.

While 50 anti-anti's carried signs that read "Silent Majority" and "I Like Spiro", someone raised a red flag on the people's side of the police barricade, and that was the signal for the police offensive unit to wade in with clubs. They were ordered to "go in and secure that flag-pole...." by Pig Inspector David Fallek, who was promptly hit in the face with a rock.

While a plaque bearing the inscription, "Courage in the true tradition of our sport has marked your career", was handed to Smiling Dick, 500 of the Revolutionary Contingent executed an end run down 48th Street to Fifth Avenue, home of Amerika's Most Exclusive Stores,

ROACHES



trashing the windows of super-posh Saks-Fifth Avenue as they ran.

While Saturday's Hero Nixon told the crowd that "the competitive spirit, the ability to lose and come back to try again, the character and drive of our youth is an essential national characteristic...", the youth in the street tangled hand-to-hand with the better-armed pig team. Then executing a double-reverse, they split down a side street, smashing tinselled store windows as they disappeared into the night.

While the cops carted off 63 people, and the ambulances 25 more (seven of them wearing blue uniforms), Nixon was spirited out through a garage exit, unaware of the scene in the street.

And he calls himself a football fan?

Eliot

Authorities razed the makeshift shacks of a dozen Mexican-American migrant workers with several minutes' advance warning early this month in---wait a minute---Elk Grove Village? It seems that the Charles Klehm Nursery in Elk Grove Village is into what so many California growers do---giving migrants (all of them somehow Mexican-Americans) shit-ass fall-down houses on unused portions of his land in return for paying them less. But the good citizens of aspiring upwardly-mobile Elk Grove Village couldn't take the shameful eye-sores right near their neatly manicured suburban tracts, so the fire chief ordered the shacks destroyed. We did it for their own good, those shacks were unbelievable, fire hazards, etc. And where do the people go, in the middle of December? That ain't our department, bub. Finally, an organization called Elk Grove Neighbors At Work lent a hand, and the migrants all have some sort of housing for the moment---some of them in a Holiday Inn. Don't be surprised if some of them move back to the shacks next week.

Some time ago there was a lot of interest on the part of the local left concerning the People's Park, at Armitage and Halsted. The interest of the leftists has waned, but the kids are still very much involved. So much so, in fact, that the equipment in the park has broken down under the strain. The mobile swing has broken down three times so far, and the barrel swing once, but your People's Park maintenance man has managed to get these fixed. The tree swing, however, has been down for several months, and it cannot be repaired until we either get some good strong chain, or some money to buy it with. If you have some of either for this good cause, call 281-6932.

The sign is also down, presumably taken by the pork, as was our banner (we have witnesses).

The powers that be at the Arnold Upper Grade Center (adjacent to the park) are intimidating the children who enjoy its use. Mr. Norton, the principal, has given orders that the Park is off-limits to school prisoners. The kids were informed that anyone caught playing there will have their names taken down and "reported" to Warden Norton himself.

A lot of folks are suddenly upset about the close-range slaughter of civilians at My Lai. Don't trust them any further than you can throw a 500-pound bomb. Not only has America been slaughtering people indiscriminately at long range with napalm, rockets and bombs, but the defoliants we use against crops are exacting a deadly human toll. The villain is a chemical called 2,4,5T, a standard defoliant in Vietnam which is banned in the US in or near populated areas or food because it causes deformed births in test animals at a rate of 100 per cent! Four newspapers in South Vietnam printed stories and photos of deformed babies born in areas sprayed with the stuff and were promptly shut down by the Saigon government, for "interfering with war effort." The use of the killer chemical continues unabated in Vietnam, and the Pentagon officially ignores the test findings as it piously condemns the indiscriminate slaughter visited upon a Vietnamese village by Lt. Calley and his men.

The newest escalation in the never-ending rock hype is an album called *The Masked Marauders*. Heralded by a review in Rolling Stone signed T.M. Christian (a pen name standing for The Magic Christian, Terry Southern's dada millionaire), the album was claimed to be the product of a jam between John Lennon, George Harrison, Paul McCartney, Mick Jagger, Eric Clapton, and Bob Dylan. The record was released recently, and is being stocked by local distributors. As it turns out, it is an attempt at satire by a Berkeley group called the Cleanliness and Godliness Skiffle Band, and, despite middlin' fair imitations of Dylan and Jagger doing songs like "Cow Pie" and "I Can't Get No Nookie" it couldn't be worse. An amusing idea, but terrible music.

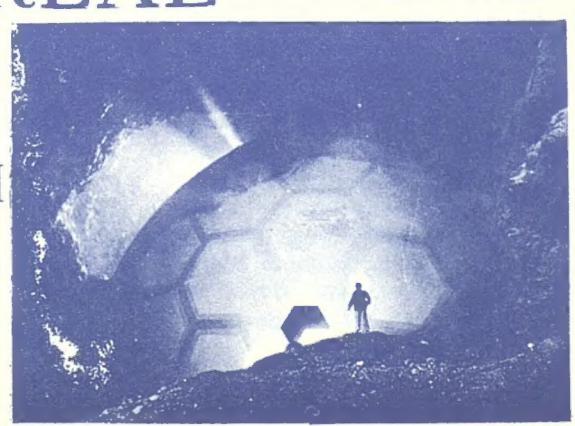
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THE POLITICS OF ECSTASY

The revolution is like a princess who wants diamonds but gets costume jewelry instead. The Airplane, the Stones, Canned Heat, and Steppenwolf sing about the end of private property, street fighting, pigs, and draft-dodging. Flicks called "Che" and "The Revolutionaries" blitz crowded theaters. Daily newspapers look like bad imitations of the underground press: a recent edition of the Chicago Daily News had four pages on the Panthers, a half-page about Allen Ginsberg, several columns dealing with the Conspiracy, and a blurb for a forthcoming article detailing the relationship between rock and raunch. Advertising involves sneaking joints into cigarette commercials, crazy cartoons, and "revolutionary" credit cards.

There is now a mod clothing store in Cicero (which is known as the Ivory Snow of the Midwest because it's 99 & 44/100 white) called "The Underground." Imagine getting beaten up in a place called "The Underground."

The projection of the reality is doing fine, but things in the streets are a bit different. The heat tears apart communes in New Mexico and California every time anyone with long hair has a warrant sworn out against him. Woodstock West was a Hell's Angel horrorshow. Some students at the University of Pittsburg have announced that Draft Board Bingo was statistically stacked because someone forgot to shake the capsules before using. Young women are forbidden to decide what should happen inside their own bodies. Heavy vibes drive people to opt out through speed, smack and other killer drugs. Fred Hampton is dead, and John Sinclair's in prison.

Sent off to fight wars not of our making.
Hassled for our hair and clothing.
Arrested for our taste in drugs.
Jailed and killed for our politics.
Powerless to prevent our culture from being mocked and eaten.

Powerless to implement our values and goals and redefinitions.

Jim and Jean sang a song and Robert Heinlein wrote a book about being strangers in a strange land. We are live versions of their imaginary characters. We are mammals in the Age of Dinosaurs, and we have evolved too much to continue to scurry into the underbrush when some of us are in danger of being squashed.

We are children of the future on a planet that is running out of time.

We need space, physical space in which to operate and build, psycho-space in which to develop the consciousness that we have just begun to understand. To hold and increase this space we need some kind of organization together enough to get things done yet high enough to maintain everything strong and beautiful from the days of flowers.

Twenty-five people came together early this month in New York to rap about such an organization. There was some delay as newspaper people got to know poets and politicos bullshitted with film-makers and musicians,

but the introduction of some outrageous Jamaican grass provided fantasy-power and set everyone to work.

Confederation Central of the Youth International Party is now established in Chicago. Local energy centers will be opening in New York, Berkeley, Ann Arbor, Chicago, and wherever families join together to form local tribes of turned-on people. The White Panther Tribe of Ann Arbor has sent some of its members to start things off, and a super-duper tribal gathering is planned for the summer solstice of the coming year.

Lots of contacts are needed to make this new and real Youth International Party more than a wet dream. Rumors abound about smoke-ins across the land in January to mark the anniversary of John Sinclair's arrest, and people are gearing up to bring the dope home to Washington next July Fourth. Everyone is hot to construct an organization stunning enough to lure rock groups and hip merchants back from the greed-capitalist ozone. But nothing will happen unless the community gets it on.

You can help to manifest all these ideas by sending information about your talents, needs, and situation to:

YOUTH INTERNATIONAL PARTY
c/o CONSPIRACY
28 EAST JACKSON STREET
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS (60606, if you're into that kind of numerology)

Local radio stations and papers will be carrying information on YIP (if you don't hear something soon, call up and find out 'why not')

Karl Marx once called revolution "A Festival of the Oppressed." We can count on oppression to continue; it's our job to make the Festival.

Yippie!

For the Yippies,
Abe Peck

WOODSTOCK NATION



ABBIE HOFFMAN, Yippie non-leader, notorious dope addict and up-and-coming rock group (the WHAT), is currently on trial with seven others for conspiracy to incite riot during the Democratic Convention. When he returned from the Woodstock Festival he had five days before leaving for Chicago to prepare for the trial. WOODSTOCK NATION, which the author wrote in longhand while lying upside down, stoned, on the floor of an unused office of the publisher, is the product of those five days.

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SUNDANCE AND THE BUNCH



Butch Cassidy and the Sundance kid and the Wild Bunch. If you've seen one you'll see the other. The Wild Bunch, you've been told, is the one with all the blood and Butch & Sundance is the one with Paul Newman and Katherine Ross. They're this year's Westerns, in the vanguard of Hollywood's New Wave started only two years ago by Bonnie and Clyde. Both are set at the same time and both deal with the same situation - the end of the era of outlaw gangs, and the romance and desperation that accompanied it. They're widely compared and equally hyped, but the gulf between them is as wide as the gulf between Hollywood and the rest of the world.

Butch & Sundance is a hip western, a spinoff from the TV format that began with I Spy. The heroes, Paul Newman and Robert Redford, are cool, witty, self-mocking, the masters of their fates. Of course, they're not really, they're really captives of history and outlawry, a situation Hollywood has delighted in telling us about in movie after movie since Bonnie & Clyde. The instantly hackneyed theme is drag enough, but the real insult is the complete inauthenticity of the characters. The scenes of them in pastoral retreat are straight out of a Salem commercial. It's unimaginable that these people-tall, beautiful, clear-skinned, clean-clothed-could be living anywhere but in a movie studio. But maybe that's cool - authenticity can be a purist's argument - maybe the flick was made so Newman & Co. could flex their hipness, not to capture the real spirit or conflicts of the times and the people. Butch and Sundance are slick fellers, but they have a total lack of funk, an eternal Hollywood trademark.

So we can leave them to their piercing, soulful stares and move on to a truly funky flick. The Wild Bunch has been hyped as the bloodiest flick ever, turn your stomach, etc., but that's not what it's about. The movie tries hard to get into the heads of people to whom murder is a way of life, but that's not what it's about either. It uses absolutely realistic scenes, people, and blood as a backdrop upon which it plays out the motives of the various sorts of killings. The motives range from the noblest to the most base, and the Wild Bunch is caught in the middle, stretched out between their unspoken feeling of honor and their urge for loot. Honor becomes more attractive to them as the film progresses, until in the end they die for it. Honor to them is not an abstract set of rules; it is most of all a group loyalty, they

STONE DRAG

Just because something doesn't cost money to attend doesn't mean it's free. The Rolling Stones' free concert in Livermore California cost four people their lives, and thousands their minds.

A half million people attended the event, billed beforehand as "Woodstock-West". Just about everyone in the San Francisco Bay Area between the ages of 10 and 30 were there. Thus, it was a common bummer.

The half million people played the part of paid extras in the movie which would be made about the event. There were no provisions for food, less than a hundred toilets, little water, a minuscule first aid station and no bad trip centers. There were lots of bad trips.

The worst trip was the Hells Angels. The Angels had been hired by the promoters to guard the stage and equipment. They were the security (read police) force. They were there to protect and serve. Like the pigs in uniform they went at their job zealously. Several times they would jump off the stage and begin to pummel someone who had looked at an angel the wrong way. Often five or six angels would be on one person pummeling with pool cues around the face and groin until he lost consciousness.

To make it worse, the people in front had come only to be entertained, to passively dig the music, and didn't want their enjoyment of the event to be spoiled by taking notice of someone getting the shit kicked out of him twenty feet away. No one would join in to help such

hang very tight together, but it is also an intuition that some things are more worth killing and dying for than others.

Everyone else in the film kills for loot, same as the Wild Bunch, except for one group - Mexican guerillas, perhaps associated with Pancho Villa. The Wild Bunch has completely forgotten any loyalty except to each other, but they have their consciences reawakened by the guerillas, obviously the most together and righteous group in the film. Unfortunately, they are at that point engaged in stealing guns for the fascist army in Mexico, the guerillas' opposition. They have no love for the fascists, but they dig the fascists' gold. The contradiction becomes stronger as time goes on, but they don't move out of it until it gets personalized -- one of their gang, a Mexican, gets ripped off by the fascists for helping the guerillas on the sly. At this point, group loyalty, still the strongest tie by far, pushes them into (in effect) dying for the liberation of their Mexican comrade and his people. The two survivors of the Bunch, one of them having been busted and released from prison on the condition that he kill his former pals, join the guerillas and the guerillas end up with the guns and implicit victory. It's the most right-on flick Hollywood ever produced, standing in sharp contrast with the sad, shallow flamboyance of Butch and Sundance.

Armando

people despite the fact that there were only thirty angels and a half million onlookers.

The Jefferson Airplane reacted best to the Angels. At one point Marty Balin lept off stage and began to pull an angel off someone who was being punished for screaming during a bad acid trip. Paul Kantner was slugged on stage after suggesting that the Angels were being a bit overreactive.

The worst of the twenty or so attacks came during the Stones' part of the concert after dark. Several Angels began to ride their bikes through the tightly packed crowd near the stage, causing pandemonium. They then left the bikes parked in the crowd and returned to the stage, certain that no one would dare to touch them. They were wrong. Several people opened up the gas tanks and set fire to several bikes. The Angels raided the crowd en masse. Someone was killed at this point, sliced up by an Angel switchblade. The angel claimed he had pulled a gun.

Two other people were killed when a car ran over their picnic area at night, still another when he jumped into an aqueduct. Three were born, leaving the population control people one up.

Lots of little orange pills were handed out which were supposed to be mescaline, but turned out to be more speed and other shit that hasn't been identified. Everyone who took it reported a bad trip. Thousands are still trying to pull their minds together. But even those who dropped righteous dope were bummed by the whole affair. People were up at the stage area in convulsions, some literally frothing at the mouth, with no one to help them.

And the crowd too was unloving. Around the stage, it was packed so tight that people could barely breathe. Everyone was pushing, shoving, and stepping on people to get nearer to the stage...

In the back areas, around the hills, things were more peaceful. Since no one could see the stage, few knew of the Hell's Angels incidents. At best though, it was like sitting on a hillside listening to a record player far away.

To top it off, traffic and parking were so bad that most people had to park ten miles away and walk to the concert site. The Altamont race track, where the concert was held is fifty miles from San Francisco, three hundred fifty miles from Los Angeles. There is a two lane access road leading ten miles from a four lane freeway.

It seems that everyone came because everyone else did. Afterwards, many expressed the wish they had not. It was supposed to be a gathering of the entire culture, with the people covering up acres of hillside. It was to affirm faith and proclaim together the new nation. The people and music were there as planned. The nation though, was just as bad as the rest of them.

Paul Glusman

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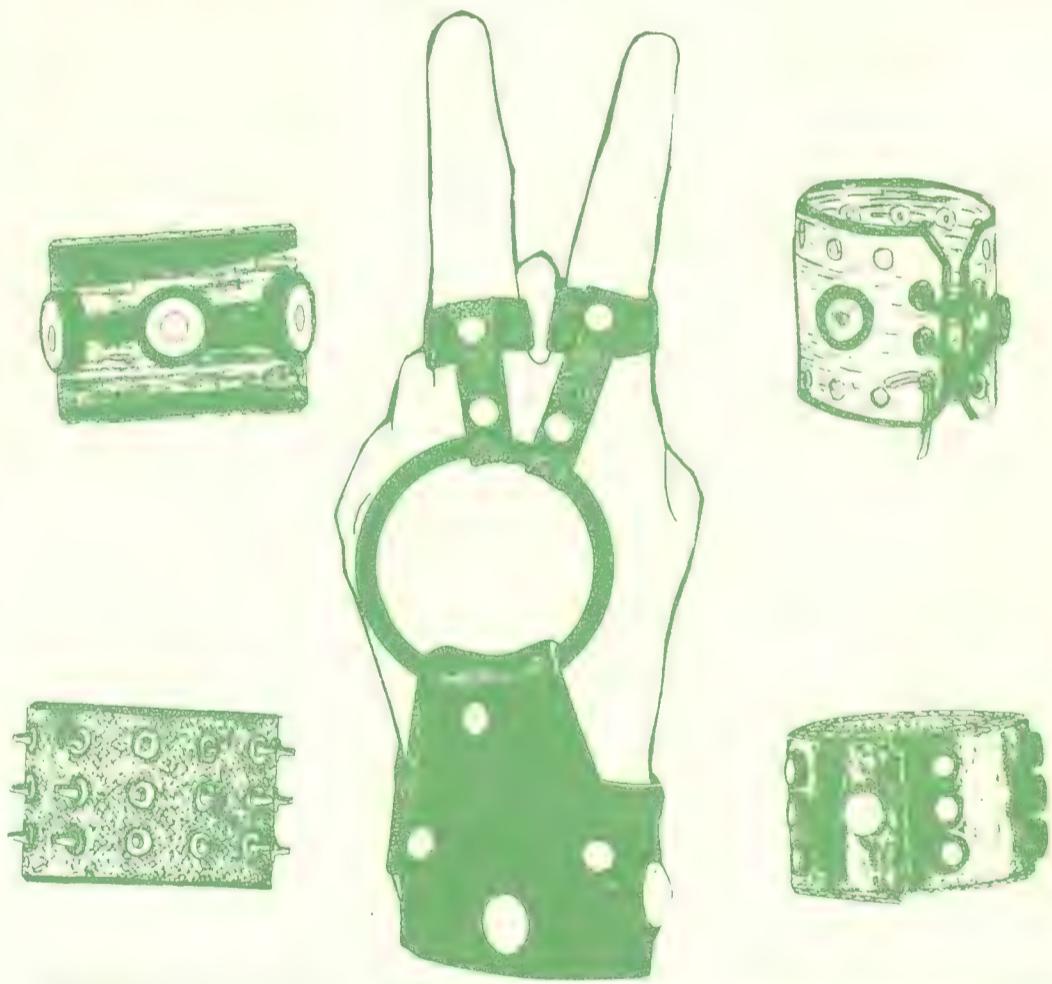
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ELDRIDGE ON THE WEATHERMAN

It seems that a few fundamental principles need repeating. There is a point where caution ends and cowardice begins. It is time to intensify the struggle. We must support whatever the enemy opposes and oppose whatever the enemy supports.

Also, there are such things as revolutionary criticism which we call propaganda. It seems to me that revolutionaries often make the mistake of indulging in reactionary criticism when they intend to make revolutionary criticism. Criticism is both valid and invaluable. Certain types of criticism, for revolutionaries, are invalid and valuable only to the enemy.

Much of the criticism of the Weathermen that has come to my attention seems to me to be reactionary, invalid and valuable only to the enemy. For instance, I think it is predictable that a reactionary nape (essence of jackanape streamlined) like Julius Lester, who sleeps on the floor beside the bed in which the counterrevolutionaries sleep with the enemy, will make an invalid reactionary criticism of the Weathermen.

- BABYLON TEA PARTY -

Stop and think. Did we ever pay attention to white radicals when they told us to keep out shootouts nice and clean and middle-class orderly? We call for a Second Boston Tea Party in the streets of Babylon. We call for the violent overthrow of the fascist imperialist United States government, ringleaders of oppression and international aggression. The only thing I oppose is going to jail voluntarily. Jail forces you to become cautious, conservative. Even the prospect of going to jail can have that effect. While in jail, if you are not cautious and conservative, but rather maintain your revolutionary thrust, you will end up spending all your time in the Hole the way Huey P. Newton is now doing. (Right on, Huey.)

- THROUGH DISORDER, ORDER -

So what if we're disorderly, like a bunch of toughs, as Assemblyman Mulford used to say of the Panthers when Huey P. Newton was on the set. Fuck Mulford. Through disorder we will put the pigs in order and in the process create a new order that we can relax in. I don't care if pigs don't like it or if it makes pig judges like Redmon Statis and Munro Mississippi Friedman angry. We do not require them to die happy — as long as they really

die, dead.

When the pigs try to deal with our disorderly flanking attack on the skulls of their values by matching our style and the form of our motion, we have trapped them in ruin, because there are more of us than there are of them. When those for whom the Vanguard moves dig the action of the pigs on a nitty-gritty level, they will say Right On because they know what that's about. They understand true power and they know that there are enough people in America to kick the ass of every pig in America.

There are enough people in Babylon to kick pig ass from the Atlantic to the Pacific and back again. We can kick pig ass for days, if we all start doing it. So why not? History will show that the pigs who publicly kick the people in the ass inevitably wind up against the wall (Motherfucker, Alioto! Mafioso dog!). So why not put them up against the wall?

- RHETORIC OF ACTION -

Actions speak louder than words. Moncado is Fidel's most eloquent statements in courtrooms and at press conferences, but in the streets of Babylon, doing it in the road but doing it. As long as we kill pigs.

We are either pig killers or pig feeders. Let the pigs oink for themselves, till their last oink. When we finally pull all of the American people out of their pads, out into the streets, out into the night, into the jungles of our cities, then we will hear some farewell oinking, we will be into our thing and everybody will understand our Moncados and our Willow Streets, and those that now misunderstand will then admit it.

The ideology of the Black Panther Party and the teachings of Huey P. Newton are contained in their purest form in Emory's art. Emory's art says if we really want pigs dead (Lyndon Johnson, for example, or Henry Ford or his cousin or his friends), then we must kill them. If we use iron pipes to do it, what's wrong with that?

- TECHNOLOGY -

At a certain stage in their struggle, the Vietnamese people used bamboo stalks, because that's what their environment yielded with ease. Ours is a concrete and steel environment. If we kill pigs with concrete and steel, it will only reaffirm that the human species is still able to

adapt to any environment, deal with any scene that we ourselves create. In prison, even though a convict might prefer a gun, he often is forced to use an iron pipe, because he had some business to take care of which couldn't wait for the day when he could get a gun.

It is technological backwardness, however, to go into battle with inferior weapons when superior weapons are available, unless of course, the choice of weapons is determined by objective conditions. The choice of weapons belongs to him who moves, to him who uses it — and not to those who observe the results from the TV sidelines or read about them in the newspaper. Stalin said that the weapon of criticism will never equal the criticism of weapons. I prefer a paralyzed pig to a well-criticized pig.

- ANGELS OF DISORDER -

That's why I don't get uptight over the fact that Lenin didn't love unity at any price, that he saw fit to split from the Mensheviks before proceeding to make the revolution; and I can understand why Stalin moved against the Trots. (Who never wanted to? Who ever had the power to move against the Trots and wanted to and didn't do it? Only a Trot would give you an example from history. It is that irrelevant.)

In times of revolution, just wars and wars of liberation, I love the angels of destruction and disorder as opposed to the devils of conservation and law-&-order. Fuck all those who block the revolution with rhetoric - revolutionary rhetoric or counterrevolutionary rhetoric.

- PIG A LA MODE -

A dead pig is desirable, but a paralyzed pig is preferable to a mobile pig. And a determined revolutionary doesn't require an authorization from a Central Committee before offing a pig. As a matter of fact, when the need arises a true revolutionary will off the Central Committee.

In order to stop the slaughter of the people we must accelerate the slaughter of the pigs. Those who can't stand the sight of blood, especially their own, should stay home and pray for those who come outside to move, to do it, and pray for victory and not for an end to the slaughter. Pray for us to win, because if we win you will be safe. If we lose, then kiss the baby goodbye.

Eldridge Cleaver

Weatherman SDS is having a national conference of revolutionary energy Dec. 26-31 somewhere in the midwest. It'll be rock bands, light shows, wargasms & anything else they dream up. Call 666-3874 for location and details.

— reprinted from the Berkeley Tribune



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Dear SEED:

The long rap by Steve Haines of the Berkeley Tribe in SEED 4/9 tells you more about what they are smokin' out on the Coast than what's really going down in Amerika. Someone who's hip to the Berkeley scene could do a good thing by relating how one of the early vibrant sources of the Movement finally produced this kind of cop-out crap catalogue. It was written for the kind of idealist that H.L. Mencken described as noticing that a rose smells better than a cabbage, and concluding that it will therefore make better soup.

It is a long way from digging man's place in the natural order of things, per Walt Whitman or even Rachel Carson, to some program which sends us out to form communes in the virgin woodlands, where we can smoke the grass and groove on the nuts and berries. The assumptions which underlie this ideology of the Great Leap Sideways are little short of staggering. For openers, we have the notion that a forest glade is somehow more natural than a city street, as if we were only littering tourists in the natural universe. Droll. The idea that it is possible to have a human project involving two or more people without structure, government, division of labor, all adding up to "society" with its inevitable contradictions, requiring resolution through struggle. Doubtful. The suggestion that the lifestyle which found its celebration in Woodstock can exist on a pass-the-hat basis in pig Amerika, the prison of the poor built by slave labor on the lands taken off the Indian, is silly. The thesis that, if you can't abide oppression in Amerika, splitting to another country has a lot of merit, ignoring the fact that a lot of the shit in our national bloodstream was pumped into it by immigrants who split from bad scenes. Maybe the kind of dude who can't stand and fight here is himself a burner, and Canada will be next to go spastic, plastic.

Some crock of shit. Marlboro country in Salem springtime, all the living-color landscapes spawned in the brains of carcinogen-peddling flacks, suggested as a haven for this new nation we are becoming? We, the Founding Fathers, invited to run away from the pollution of the cities, away from the centers of power in Amerika, to tiptoe through the tulips in the wilderness? That is real ecological treason, to give up the struggle and let the money kings turn this world into a pile of fetid cinders.

If you want to hold festivals based on unstructured general humanistic tendencies, so you can groove on how beautiful we all are, don't bother to invite Chairman Fred Hampton of the Illinois Black Panther Party, or any of the other 40-odd Panthers murdered by the pigs, and don't bother to invite Manny Ramos or the Soto brothers, because they won't be coming. Don't invite the thousands of brothers and sisters in the man's jails, because they can't split, even for the grooviest picnic you could dream up. Don't bother to invite any of the people on

the cutting edge, because they are taking care of business, and have no time to fatten the pockets of the scavengers who promote the rock scene, the dope wholesalers, the head hucksters, and the rest of that scabby crew who work at coining our blood and dreams into pigfeed.

Simple-ass declarations that the pigs could take the land, but couldn't take the mystical People's Park in our hearts, are some kind of perverted joke. The Park was ripped off, and no amount of snivelling self-delusion can disguise that fact. The only way to get the Park back is to take it away from the pigs. If you go build another Park elsewhere, the pigs will fuck that over too. There is no Garden of Eden, no virgin land. There never was. The Golden Age does not lie in the past, but in the present that is becoming the future. It is being born now, not in the majestic mountains, but in the festering cities where our new nation struggles for life. Dig it! There is no place to hide, not even inside your stoned little mind.

The growing rift in the Movement is not between the yogis and the kommissars. It is between those who are willing to fight for their existence, and those who are not. There are many love-and-peace people, dope-and-music freaks, meditation mamas and petunia papas, who are willing to take care of business along with Panthers, chicanos, SDS, RYM, etc., because they want to be free to do the good things, and freedom without struggle is a contradiction, like dry water. Whatever the differences in personal tastes, lifestyles, and even principles, anyone who has the courage to fight for their freedom can relate to each other. It is out of this broad spectrum of people that we draw our strength, strength from a bunch of bullshit utopians in search of ever more isolated revolutions.

All power to the people!

Mike D.
Chicago Heights, Ill.

Dear Seed:

Your paper is forward and radical, which is fine. I am not a young person. I am a 57-year old mother of four, all but one married, and know very little about politics. I do know, however that war has never solved man's problems. War leads to chaos, greed, hate, distrust, disease and corruption of the mind.

Your paper aims towards good achievements for mankind. Keep up the good work. To all of you on the staff, good health. It's a struggle, but you'll get there. Peace, love and happiness.

Very sincerely,
Marion Alexanian

P.S. If you think I'm eligible send me a revolutionary card. Greetings Revolutionaries,

At the present time I am a member of a well-disorganized club called the Navy. Even Mickey Mouse couldn't put up with all the chicken shit rules and regs we are subjected to.

By the way Mickey wears our Admiral's watch.

We are treated like the gladiators of old. We have a set time to eat and sleep, are told what to wear and when and whom to kill. When I signed on the dotted line I gave up my identity and received a number. This must be my license to kill. We are pawns in this political chess game called "Viet Nam" and are expected to give up our lives upon command.

BULLSHIT!

Try to get out and you find more opposition than if you were in the Mafia. We aren't expendable until they want us to be.

This must be a popular war though, because only approximately 200,000 servicemen go U.A. or A.W.O.L. each year. I plan to make it 200,001.

How many more want out but are afraid to buck the system? Fuck the system! Keep your "head!"

Dodge the draft baby cause it's harder to get out than to stay out!

-PAX-

Tom T. (Denver)
Great Lakes

Dear Seed:

I would appreciate it if some of the information in the following paragraphs could be incorporated in the next possible number of the SEED:

The Catholic Peace Fellowship of Chicago (affiliated with the Fellowship of Reconciliation) is being reactivated with new purposes in mind. First, we want to establish draft information and counseling services under Catholic auspices. Hopefully, a few parishes around the city will make their facilities available for these purposes. We also plan to expand efforts already underway to disseminate basic information in Catholic high schools. CPF is sensitive to the failure of the institutional Church to give effective support to young men attempting to follow their conscience with regard to the draft and believes that these proposed draft counseling and information programs will be a start toward enfleshing the dry bones of official Church teaching -teaching, it should be emphasized, which sanctions the right to CO and selective CO.

Secondly, CPF in Chicago would like to help organize support for the Chicago 15, Beaver 55, and similar communities of active, non-violent resistance.

The immediate order of business, however, is to build an organization of individuals willing to take on the tasks of draft counseling, speaking to high school audiences about the draft, raising money (!), etc.

Anyone interested in joining CPF of Chicago in these efforts may contact me at 434-1533 in the afternoon or evening (before 9p.m.).

Peace,
Ken Janiszewski, for the CPF of Chicago
4929 S. Marshfield, Chicago, Ill. 60609

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- The Sunday New York Times

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- New York Times
"MORE is tough, candid stuff, clearly among the good ones."

- National Observer



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GIVE

When I was a young boy I lived in what we call the great valley. My father sought and gave knowledge in a small town. I played in a big field that stretched farther away from my house than I had ever been.

Often machines came to the field and plowed it or filled it with seed or water or airplanes sprayed it with dust. Tomatoes grew there. We kids didn't eat them. I guess they didn't taste good.

They were big tomatoes and they never seemed to ripen well. We threw them at each other. We picked up walnuts that fell from the trees on the field's edge and sold them to a packing shed on the university. A dollar a gunny sack for black walnuts and five dollars a gunny sack for english walnuts.

I thot that all the land was plowed up in fields or covered with streets and houses. It was hard to run in plowed earth. We chased blackbirds and threw dirt clods at them. We caught lizards in the cement ditches.

Now my field is all suburbs. Now I know that the airplanes sprayed DDT. There used to be a mosquito patrol that drove all over the town and country spraying DDT in every gutter and every ditch. Right in front of my house. My parents told me not to play in it. Now my valley has smog. Now I am afraid of my valley.

I learned about the natives of my valley before my people came there. Third grade meant california history. I learned about the tule boats they made and the acorns they gathered. I wondered where were the oak trees and the tules. Surely they didn't make those boats just to sail in irrigation ditches.

Then I learned that my people stored the water in the mountains behind big dams. They were afraid of floods and they used the water to grow rice and corn and tomatoes and milo and alfalfa and almonds and apricots. They grew more than the people there could eat. They grew it for money.

It makes me cry.

White man came to red man's land. Hoping to find short cut to India. White man calls red people indians. Greedy white merchants see red man's land thru solid gold spectacles. Red man show the white his land. Gives

free food to greedy white man.

A white man draws map of world new to him. Doesn't call it red man's land. Doesn't ask what is this land's name. Doesn't care for red man's ways. White tells red how to live. Kills the red when he won't sell his home.

Red man lived here. Proud and fine. Red calls sun in sky brother, moon grandmother, earth mother. Wild red knows plants and animals as providers. Knows medicine of nature's free (once abundant) store. Red man says nature gives food to all life.

To red people, earth is mother. They don't own her. They only live with her all the time. Red people live in families and tribes. Sharing is their way.

Some iroquois went on the road. 4 white roots of peace. Bringing a message to reds and whites. They told the iroquois people's way. 5 tribes joined in peace and made intertribal council.

The family mothers choose one peaceful loving son to sit for the family in council. Til his life is done. He must speak his people's will. He is not long in council if he doesn't. There is no intertribal law until all the council is of one mind.

Red people now take back an island in this close-by bay. There are no prisons on red people's land.

I say—let's give red man all government land. He is wildlife in the national forest. He is peaceful on white army land. If red man wants more land back, let's dissolve the wrong of private property and give him more.

We're wildlife. Let's live wild. Be harmonious with nature. Grow crops organically. Compost wastes. Live in houses made from nature. Adobe. Use the trees in the forest that are leaning, about to fall. Willow frame wikiups.

Collect acorns, pine nuts, other of nature's gifts. Feel the morning sun. Run our hands thru the dirt. Make our own clothes. Learn to stay healthy with herbal remedies. Fuck a lot and be real happy.

In terms of practicality, it is very possible. Machine farming is wasteful. Food often rots in the fields and along railroad tracks. Organic farming has higher

and better yields. Every year acorns fall.

What if Cuba grew marijuana instead of sugar cane? Friendly relations? Cash crop?

I would like to see the yellow submarine sail to Alcatraz.

When the new age comes to San Francisco, instead of Haight Street will be love garden. Tear up the street and half the sidewalk. Fill the cavity with organic compost from residents. In an organic community, no garbage removal. Total recycling. Plant for peace.

Peace

Love

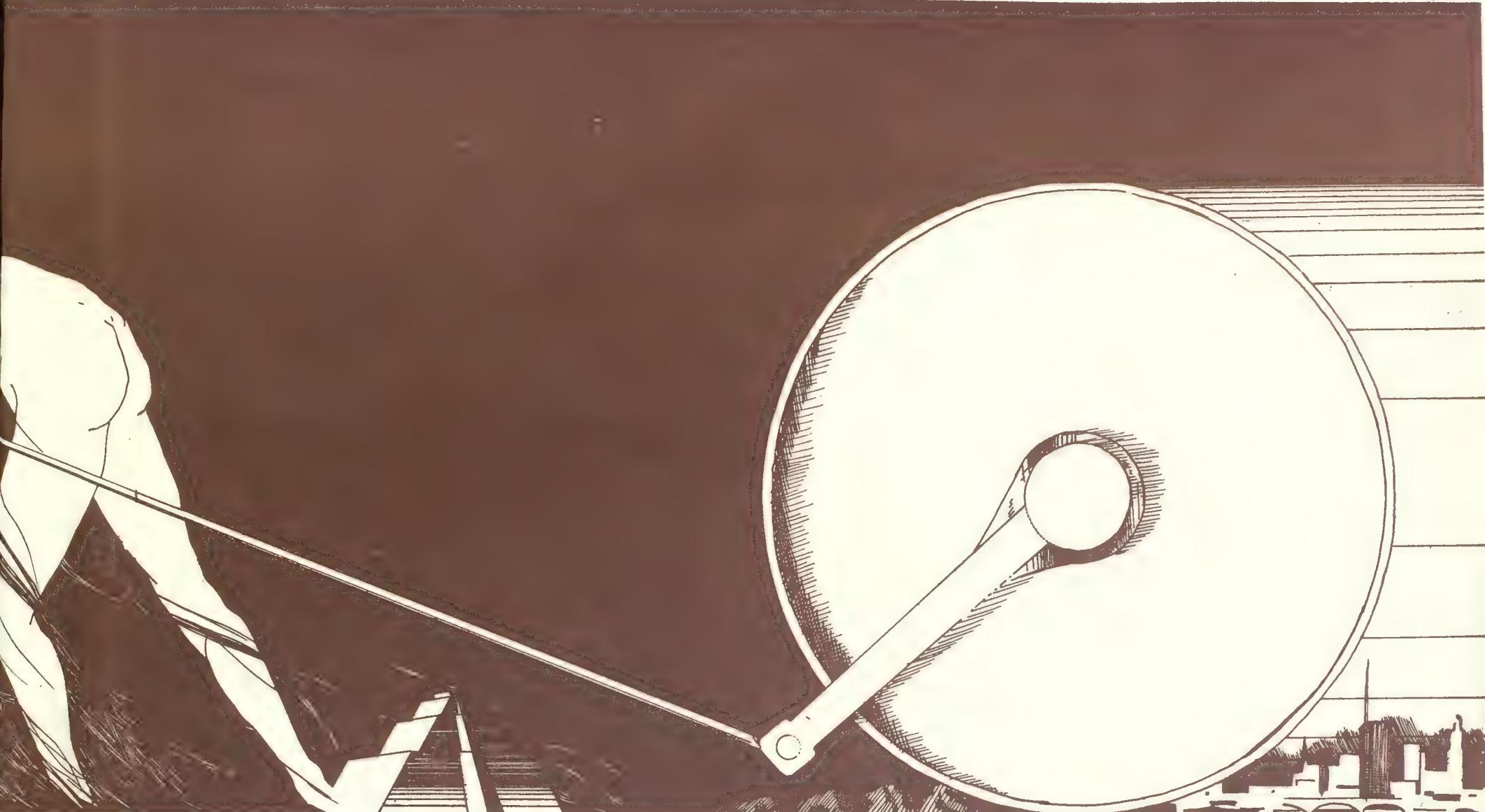
Harmony

Valley Boy

Grandfather!
A voice I am going to send,
Hear me!
All over the universe
A voice I am going to send,
Hear me,
Grandfather!
I will live!
I have said it.

--Opening prayer of the Sun
Dance of the Teton Sioux

RE IT BACK GIVE IT ALL BACK



PROCLAMATION: TO THE GREAT WHITE FATHER AND ALL HIS PEOPLE

We, the native Americans, re-claim the land known as Alcatraz Island in the name of all American Indians by right of discovery.

We wish to be fair and honorable in our dealings with the Caucasian inhabitants of this land, and hereby offer the following treaty:

We will purchase said Alcatraz Island for twenty-four dollars (24) in glass beads and red cloth, a precedent set by the white man's purchase of a similar island about 300 years ago. We know that \$24 in trade goods for these 16 acres is more than was paid when Manhattan Island was sold, but we know that land values have risen over the years. Our offer of \$1.24 per acre is greater than the 47¢ per acre the white men are now paying the California Indians for their land.

We will give to the inhabitants of this island a portion of the land for their own to be held in trust by the American Indian Affairs and by the bureau of Caucasian Affairs to hold in perpetuity -- for as long as the sun shall rise and the rivers go down to the sea. We will further guide the inhabitants in the proper way of living. We will offer them our religion, our education, our life-ways, in order to help them achieve our level of civilization and thus raise them and all their white brothers up from their savage and unhappy state. We offer this treaty in good faith and wish to be fair and honorable in our dealings with all white men.

We feel that this so-called Alcatraz Island is more than suitable for an Indian Reservation, as determined by the white man's own standards. By this we mean that this place resembles most Indian reservations in that:

1. It is isolated from modern facilities, and without adequate means of transportation.
2. It has no fresh running water.
3. It has inadequate sanitation facilities.
4. There are no oil or mineral rights.
5. There is no industry and so unemployment is very great.
6. There are no health care facilities.
7. The soil is rocky and non-productive; and the land does not support game.
8. There are no educational facilities.
9. The population has always exceeded the land base.
10. The population has always been held as prisoners and kept dependent upon others.

Further, it would be fitting and symbolic that ships from all over the world, entering the Golden Gate, would first see Indian land, and thus be reminded of the true history of this nation. This tiny island would be a symbol of the great lands once ruled by free and noble Indians.

What use will we make of this land?

Since the San Francisco Indian Center burned down, there is no place for Indians to assemble and carry on tribal life here in the white man's city. Therefore, we plan to develop on this island several Indian institutions:

1. A CENTER FOR NATIVE AMERICAN STUDIES will be developed which will train our young people in the best of our native arts and works as well as educate them to the skills and knowledge relevant to improve the lives and spirits of all Indian peoples. Attached to this center will be traveling universities, managed by Indians, which will go to the Indian Reservations, learning those necessary and relevant materials now about.

2. AN AMERICAN INDIAN SPIRITUAL CENTER which will practice our ancient tribal religious and sacred healing ceremonies. Our cultural arts will be featured and our young people trained in music, dance, and healing rituals.

3. AN INDIAN CENTER OF ECOLOGY which will train and support our young people in scientific research and practice to restore our lands and waters to their pure and natural state. We will work to de-pollute the air and water of the Bay Area. We will seek to restore fish and animal life to the area and to revitalize sea life which has been threatened by the white man's way. We will set up facilities to desalt sea water for human benefit.

4. A GREAT INDIAN TRAINING SCHOOL will be developed to teach our peoples how to make a living in the world, improve our standards of living, and to end hunger and unemployment among all our people. This training school will include a center for Indian arts and crafts, and an Indian restaurant serving native foods, which will restore Indian culinary arts. This center will display Indian arts and offer Indian foods to the public, so that all may know of the beauty and spirit of the traditional INDIAN ways.

5. Some of the present buildings will be taken over to develop an AMERICAN INDIAN MUSEUM, which will

IV "CULTURE PACIFICANA" *35* *65-70*
Karl Heinz Knechtel

ANCHORAGE, Alaska (LNS)

It took just half a day, last September, for America's Oil Empires to divide up over four hundred thousand acres of Alaskan land. That land is now private property. Private property of Standard Oil, Mobil Oil, Phillips Petroleum, Gulf Oil -- the people who could afford a collective \$862.3 million.

"We felt we had to have a position in Alaska in view of the enormous potential," says E.D. Brockett, Gulf Oil Chairman. He says he is "tremendously encouraged and enthusiastic about our position and our opportunities."

Adam John isn't so enthusiastic.

Adam John isn't Chairman of Gulf Oil. He's a full blooded Athapaskan Indian, and President of the Natives Participation Council of Anchorage. Printed under his signature are the words: "It is better to fight on your feet than live on your knees."

None of the land on which Alaska's natives have for centuries depended for a living was ever bought from them by the Federal or Alaskan State Government. The Indians are now claiming their land, trying to stop the Alaskan state government from selling it to the huge industrial concerns of what they call the "lower" 48 states.

The natives want enough land to live on, and they want to be decently reimbursed for the rest. At the very least they want a small part of the enormous tax revenues that the state will get from land sold to the oil companies.

Alaskan natives face an even more serious threat in the near future. Shortly after Alaska gained statehood, native Alaskan land claims led to a temporary freeze, prohibiting the state government from selling certain tracts of land in Southern Alaska. This freeze will expire on December 31, 1970. "If the claims (now before Congress) are not settled by then," Adam John explains, "the history of the lower 48 will be repeated. The Eskimos, Aleuts, and Indians of Alaska will be found in poverty, without land, and separated from the rest of the world. Our children will be found miles off

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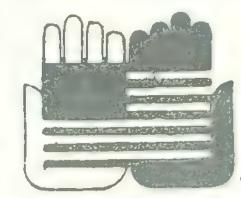
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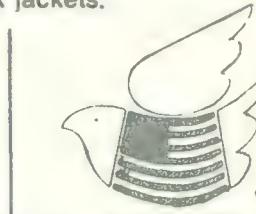
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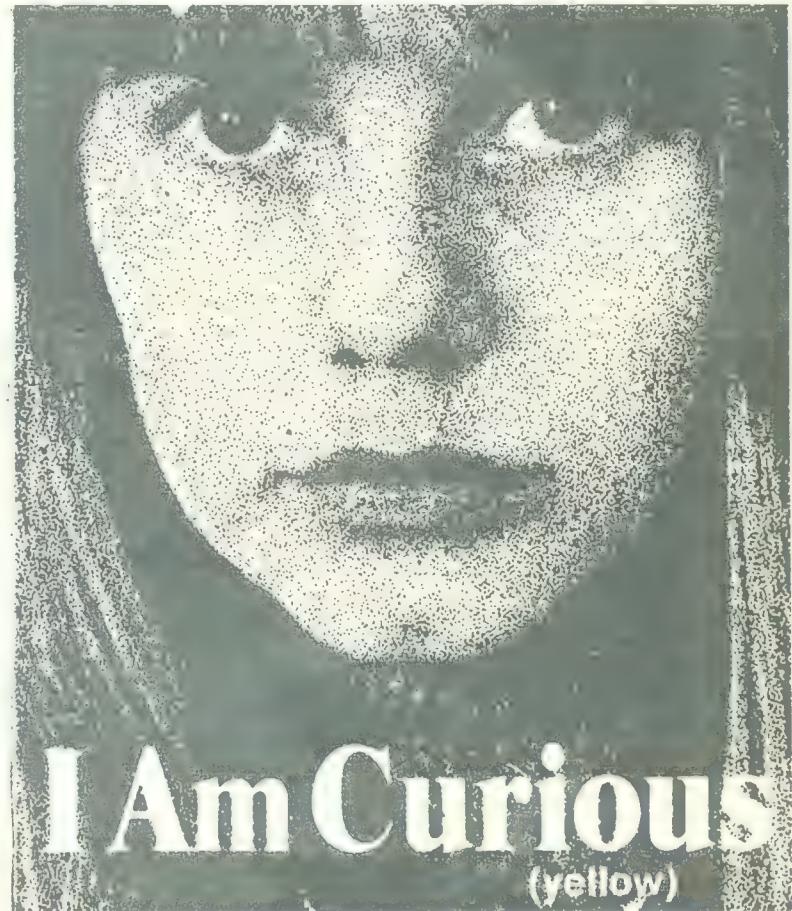
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I Am Curious (Yellow)

Vilgot Sjöman's complete and uncut *I Am Curious (Yellow)* is a "remarkable film (which) has been playing for a long time to droves of Swedes, and to several million people almost everywhere. It is the story of a young girl who is, or was, curious about politics, nonviolence, Zen, commitment, socialism, other Swedes and, to be sure, sex. It is a serious film with a noble theme, and, in dramatic terms, it is original," says *Look* magazine. The Evergreen Film presented by Grove Press stars Lena Nyman. A Sandrews Production. ADMISSION RESTRICTED TO ADULTS.

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FROM PAGE 17

the main road like many of the present day Indians of the lower 48."

Adam John tells about the history of his people: "In the beginning of the history of Alaska we were the majority, 100 per cent natives. The land, by our use, was (in the present day American concept) ours. As we honored the land, we honored and trusted our brothers, men. For this reason we needed no paper to say this is ours and that is yours. We shared."

"1800 brought the first whites to the state. They came in search of wealth: whales, fur and gold. From that day to this the natives went from 100 per cent of the population to 20 per cent. They went from owning all the land to none at all. They went from a thriving nation to a poverty ridden, dying nation."

"They became a disinherited nation, despite provisions in the Treaty of Cession signed in 1867 by the United States and Russia. The Treaty provided that:

The inhabitants of the ceded territory...if they should prefer to remain in the ceded territory, they with the exception of the uncivilized native tribes shall be admitted to the enjoyment of all rights, advantages and immunities of the citizens of the United States and immunities of citizens of the United States and shall be maintained and protected in the free enjoyment of their liberty, property and religion. The uncivilized tribes will be subject to such laws and regulations as the United States may, from time to time, adopt in regard to aboriginal tribes of the country.

"The United States bought only the right to tax and govern. They paid two cents an acre for this privilege. The justice that was due the natives, the real owners, was left up to Congress and the American public at a later date."

Alaska was ruled by the US military until 1884, when congress provided for civilian government. No settlement of native land claims was included in the legislation, however, which left the question to be settled by future congressmen.

"Congress has yet to do justice," says Adam John. Talking about the struggle ahead, Adam John says: "The natives are not passive, and we will not permit

our land to be stolen. Should the Congress fail this test, we will judge, and the reaction will be swift and overwhelming.

Let no man underestimate us. We are few in number and scattered across a huge land area. But history tells us there are no fighters quite as determined and terrible as those who are defending their land."

"...indications of unrest among the natives has yet to be confirmed..."



From The Cherokee Examiner

FROM PAGE 17

depict our native foods and other cultural contributions we have given to the world. Another part of the museum will present some of the things the white man has given to the Indians in return for the land and life he took: disease, alcohol, poverty and cultural decimation (as symbolized by old tin cans, barbed wire, rubber tires, plastic containers, etc.). Part of the museum will remain a dungeon to symbolize both those Indian captives who were incarcerated for challenging white authority, and those who were imprisoned on reservations. The museum will show the noble and the tragic events of Indian history, including the broken treaties, the documentary of the Trail of Tears, the Massacre of Wounded Knee, as well as the victory over Yellow Hair Custer and his army.

In the names of all Indians, therefore, we re-claim this island for our Indian nations, for all these reasons, We feel this claim is just and proper, and that this land should rightfully be granted to us for as long as the rivers shall run and the sun shall shine.

Signed,
Indians of all Tribes
November 1969
San Francisco, California
AMERICAN INDIAN CENTER 3189 16th St. S.F.
ph. 626-7955 626-7954

Seed Readers can be of assistance by sending a letter of support to the American Indian Center, 3189 16th Street, San Francisco 99103.

Other types of assistance can be in the form of letters to your congressman, the Secretary of Interior, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, etc.

Any checks or money orders should be made out to the American Indian Center Building Fund or Alcatraz Relief Fund. Bank address for funds is Bank of California, Mission Branch, 3060 16th street, San Francisco 94103.

, and Young



8RM 6317 / RS 6317

There are certain trios so spectacular that to add to them would be tinkering with fate. For example: Armstrong, Collins, and Aldrin, who didn't need Young. For you oldies, there were Patty, Maxene and LaVerne, who needed no Young. Or thought they didn't. But our friends Crosby, Stills, and Nash were wise. They added the young man of whom *Cash Box* said,

"It is rather an underestimation to simply call Neil a songwriter. More accurately, he is a composer



8RM 6349 / RS 6349

and a *lyricist*, and both his words and music are poetry. This, too, is something of an underestimation, for Neil is also a brilliant guitarist, an imaginative arranger, and (no matter what he tells you) a superlative singer."

As you can see from the two albums pictured above, we know why.

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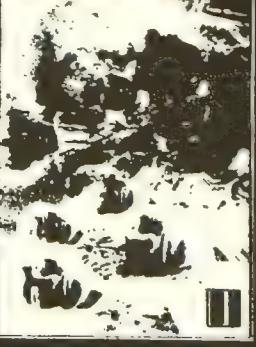
ROLLING STONES LET IT BLEED



JOHN MAYALL
LOOKING BACK
1273



TEN YEARS AFTER
UNDEAD



Ssssh. Ten Years After



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Letter from a Vegetarian to a Young Friend

Dear Jan,

A man I know told me he gave up hunting because, "I do not believe in killing animals for pleasure."

That statement pretty well sums up the ethics of vegetarianism. If I were a member of a nomadic tribe entirely dependent on following a buffalo herd, I would eat meat with a clear conscience. If animal products were an essential part of the human diet, necessary for health and survival, I would eat them.

However, since meat is neither the sole source of nourishment nor an essential one, there can be only one reason for eating it; because you like the taste. Therefore, to eat meat is to kill animals for pleasure. (Maybe worse, since we pay someone else to do our dirty work.)

I don't look on vegetarianism as a career or as the item at the top of a list of ethical acts, but rather as one of the many choices that daily move us toward becoming more human, or away from humanity. Some would call this an existentialist position: we become the things we do, and every act counts.

It is even better expressed by the poem "The Mental Traveler," by William Blake which begins, "To see the world in a grain of sand . . ." Schweitzer expressed it as Reverence for Life, a much misunderstood term, which meant, not that you shouldn't kill the fly that brings disease into your house, but that you should try to achieve the greatest possible degree of peaceful co-existence in the universe, killing only when you must.

Especially in our time men have treated the world like an enemy occupied territory, to be plundered, subjugated, and bent to their will. Ecologists are showing us that this kind of thinking may lead to literally fatal error. We are not strangers in the universe, but a part of it, and we cannot act without affecting the whole.

Killing wantonly and wastefully for food turns a necessity into an orgy, turns destruction into an accepted occupation. That's why gluttony is listed among the deadly sins.

On yet another level, everything counts. We are all fragmented people. We all know the devoted father who exploits his employees, the political reformer who cheats on his wife, the iconoclastic hippie who pushes dangerous drugs, the self-sacrificing mother who freezes her husband to death.

I don't mean to set myself up as a judge of these inconsistencies (I have my own to work on); I only want to point out what we all know, that our betrayals poison our good acts and that our struggle to become human beings is a struggle to mend this split in our character.

There is a list of prohibitions, in order of their importance, with the most important of them at the top of the list beyond our feeble power. (I'm nice: I may kill animals but I haven't assassinated anyone).

There are only the things that happen to us, the people we know, the work we do, and sometimes, the bit of weight we can throw toward influencing behavior in a wider area than our daily life usually permits. But we are always basically working on ourselves, trying to mend the split, trying to become wholly human. And in this task, everything counts.

The burden of proof is not on the vegetarian, but on the flesh eater. How can he defend such massive, unnecessary cruelty?

But maybe you're impatient with this sort of thinking. The world is a grain of sand is all very well, but aren't there more important issues? What about the world problems of real magnitude?

Well, sure. Most human beings in the world are starving. How are we going to feed them? No one has seriously proposed that we could ever produce that much meat, the most costly and wasteful method of producing food. Clinging to the superstition that meat is an essential part of the diet can only result in an increased competition for what will continue to be a short supply, when what we need is exhaustive research on expanding vegetable sources of essential nutrients.

What more political act can there be than becoming a living demonstration that man can be healthy and strong on a diet of simple, cheap plant food? It requires no effort, no deviation from your normal daily life, no expense.

You won't be put in jail. You won't even be ostracized . . . much . . . except by your somewhat guilty friends who may say, as one did to me, "Oh, you're one of those animal lovers who doesn't give a damn about people."

Such illogical aggression is a sure sign that you're having an impact by just quietly saying, "No thanks," to meat.

Love, Dorothy

[Dorothy Bryant/Freedom News/Richmond, California]

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

just simply frightened of too large a gathering which would involve conflict and fighting and getting my head busted in, and so I asked him how he felt about it, whether he was going to work for an actually peaceful gathering or not, because I didn't want to participate unless it was going to be organized peacefully, and he said he wanted it to be peaceful because he wanted a lot of people there.

[A similar question is asked about a meeting with Abbie by phone in mid-August]

A. He said literally, "The city officials are not granting us a permit and are having us up and downing it in front of us and trying to convince us to have a public assembly in Chicago during the time of the convention, he would continue applying to City Hall for permission and that possibly they might even call off the festival if they absolutely could not get permission, but would continue to the last day applying and try to get cooperation from the city.

[Allen is allowed to testify that he flew to Chicago on August 13th, 1969, to meet with city officials on behalf of a permit. The officials in that no decision were present. Allen claims to have seen "two Krishnas" before the meeting. He claims the two Krishnas that he saw were dressed for a music festival, but the police came over and drove them away, then Allen heard nothing about a meeting, had no contact with the police in Park the day before the Convention.]

Q. Will you relate to the Court and jury what Jerry Rubin said?

A. Jerry Rubin said that he didn't think the police would attack the kids who were in the park at night if there were enough kids there, that he didn't think it would be a good thing to fight over the park if the police started fighting with the kids if the police attacked the kids and tried to drive them out of the park as the police had announced at 11:30 o'clock, that as far as he was concerned, he wanted to leave the park at 9:00 and would not encourage anybody to fight and get hurt that evening if the police did physically try to force everybody out of the park. That was on Saturday night, the first night when people would be in the park.

Q. Did the defendant Abbie Hoffman say anything at this meeting?

A. Abbie Hoffman said the park wasn't worth fighting for, that we had on our responsibility invited many thousands of kids to Chicago for a crazy festival of life, for an alternative proposition to the festival of death that the police were putting on, and that it wasn't right to do a Oom or even urge them to go into a violent argument with the police over staying in the park overnight. He didn't know, he said he didn't know what to say to

those who wanted to stay and fight for what they felt was their liberty, but he wasn't going to encourage anybody to fight, and he was going to leave when forced himself.

[Allen is asked what he did when the police showed in the park that night.]

Q. Without relating what you said to another person, Mr. Ginsberg, what did you do at the time you saw the police do this?

A. I started the chant, O-o-m-m-m-m-m-m, O-o-m-m-m-m-m.

MR. FORAN: All right, we have had a demonstration.

THE COURT: All right.

MR. FORAN: From here on, I object.

THE COURT: You haven't said that you objected.

MR. FORAN: I do after the second one.

THE COURT: After two of them? I sustain the objection.

MR. WEINGLASS: If the court please, there has been much testimony by the Government's witnesses as to this Om technique which was used in the park. Are we only going to hear whether there were stones or people throwing things, shouting things, or using obscene language? Is there a line here? Why can't we also hear what was said in the area of calming the crowd?

MR. FORAN: I have no objection to the two Om's that we have had. However I just didn't want it to go on all day.

THE COURT: The two, however you characterize what you did, may remain of record, and he may not continue in the same vein.

Q. Do you have your answer?

A. I do. I will be in contempt if I continue to do. We started off in the park. We continued chanting the Om for about twenty minutes, slowly, gathering other people, myself and Sanders and I in the center, and then we were maybe of 15 or 20 making a very self-concentrated range of aim that penetrated the immediate area around us, and attracted other people, and so we walked out slowly toward the street, toward the Lincoln Park Hotel.

Q. What was occurring in the park at the time you began your Om chant?

A. A great deal of swift and agitated motion in many different directions without any center and without any calm.

When we began chanting, as it included more and more people, there was one central sound and one central rhythmic behavior vocalized by all the people who participated and a slow quieting of the physical behavior of the people that were slowly moving out of the park. They all moved in one direction, those who were involved in

the chanting, out of the park and away from the police calmly without running and without physically agitated behavior.

[On Sunday, Allen accompanied Dave Dellinger to meet with another city official. Allen's plea for permits got the same result as had the previous four month's of requests.]

[Allen then returned to the park and chanted Om and a William Blake poem about tyranny.]

[Allen is not allowed to recite the Blake poem, but gets in another Hare Krishna chorus when he describes how he and about 100 other people chanted after the police invaded the park and took several people off in a police car.]

Q. What did you do when you saw the policemen in the center of the crowd?

A. Adrenalin ran through my body. I sat down on a green hillside with a group of younger people that were walking with me at about 3:30 in the afternoon, 4:00 sat, crossed my leg and began chanting O-o-m, O-o-m-m-m, O-o-m-m-m, O-o-m-m-m.

MR. FORAN: I gave him four that time.

THE WITNESS: I continued chanting for seven hours...About six hours I chanted Om and for the seventh hour concluded with the chant hare krishna, Krishna, Krishna, Hare Hare, Hare Rama, Hare Rama, Rama, Rama, Hare Hare.

[Allen is asked to describe the scene at the Barricade, where 200 people chanted amid burning cans, cries of outrage, and the fanatic dedication to protecting the park that had become a symbolic home.]

Q. As you got there, what was occurring at that barricade?

A. There were a lot of young kids, some black, some white, shouting and beating on the tin barrels, making a fearsome noise.

Q. What did you do after you got there?

A. Started chanting Om there.

Q. And were you joined in that chant?

A. For awhile I was joined in the chant by a lot of other people who were there until the chant encompassed most of the people by the barricade and we raised a huge loud sustained series of Oms into the air loud enough to like include everybody.

Q. Now did anything occur that caused that process to stop?

A....Just as it reached like a great unison crescendo when all of a sudden a police car came rolling down into the group, right into the center of the group where I was standing, and with a lot of crashing and tinkling sound of glass and broke up the chanting, broke up the unison and the physical--everybody was holding onto each other physically--broke up that physical community that had been built and broke up the sound chant that had been built.

CONTINUED TO PAGE 25 ▶

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GINSBERG

FROM PAGE 23

[Allen describes chanting on the shores of Lake Michigan, the gassing of the ministers in Lincoln Park, and Dave Dellinger's attempts to secure peace on Michigan Avenue on Wednesday.]

Q. Could you explain to the Court and jury what you meant in that last statement of your message?

A. Immobilize an entire downtown Chicago street full of scared human beings, uniformed or naked—by immobilize I meant shut down the mental machinery which repeats over and over again the images of fear which are scaring people in uniform, that is to say, the police officers, or the demonstrators, whom I refer to as naked meaning naked emotionally and perhaps hopefully naked physically.

Q. And what did you intend to create by having that mechanism shut down?

A. A completely peaceful realization of the fact that we were all stuck in the same street, place, terrified of each other, and reacting in panic and hysteria rather than reacting with awareness of each other as human beings, as people with bodies that actually feel, can chant and pray and have a certain sense of vibration to each other of tenderness . . . which is what basically everybody wants rather than fear.

[Thomas Foran conducts the Cross-Examination.]

[Foran spends ten minutes establishing Allen's connection to the Yippies as chief "religious experimenter". He makes some veiled remarks about Allen kissing Abbie and Tim Leary's "religious experiences", and then has Allen recite the following poem:]

THE NIGHT-APPLE

Last night I dreamed
Of one I loved
for seven long years
but I saw no face
only the familiar
presence of the body;
sweat skin eyes
feces urine sperm
saliva all one
odor and mortal taste.

[The following dialog then transpires:]

Q. Could you explain to the jury what the religious significance of that poem is?

A. If you would take a wet dream as a religious experience, I could. It is a description of a wet dream, sir.

[Foran asks for a recitation of "In Society"]

A. Yes I will read it.

"In Society"

I walked into the cocktail party
room and found three or four queers
talking together in queertalk
I tried to be friendly but heard
myself talking to one in hiptalk...
I ate a sandwich of pure meat; an
enormous sandwich of human flesh,
I noticed, while I was chewing on it
it also included a dirty asshole....

Q. Can you explain the religious significance of that poetry?

A. Actually, yes.

Q. Would you explain it to the jury?

A. Yes, one of the major yogas or yoking—yoga means yoke—is bringing together the conscious mind with the unconscious mind and in an examination of dream states in an attempt to recollect dream states no matter how difficult they are, no matter how repulsive they are, even if they include hysteria, sandwiches of human flesh, which include dirty assholes, because these are universal images that come in everybody's dreams.

The attempt in yoga is to enlarge consciousness, to be conscious that one's own consciousness will include everything which occurs within the body and the mind.

[Allen recites "Love Poem on Theme by Whitman," which is about the voice of the poem sharing a bride and groom's wedding night.]

Q. Would you explain the religious significance of that poem?

A. As part of our nature, as part of our human nature, we have many loves, many of which are suppressed, many of which are denied, many of which we deny to ourselves. He said that the reclaiming of those loves and the becoming aware of those loves was the only way that this nation could save itself and become a democratic and spiritual republic.

He said that unless there were an infusion of feeling, of tenderness, of fearlessness, of spiritually, of natural sexuality, of natural delight in each other's bodies into the hardened materialistic, cynical, life-denying, clearly competitive, afraid, scared, armored bodies, there would be no chance for spiritual democracy to take root in America and he defined that tenderness between the citizens as in his words an adhesiveness, a natural tenderness flowing between all citizens, not only men and wo-



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men but also a tenderness between men and men as part of our democratic heritage, part of the adhesiveness which would make the democracy function; that men could work together not as competitive beats but as tender lovers and fellows.

So he projected from his own desire and from his own unconscious a sexual urge which he felt was normal to the unconscious of most people, though forbidden for the most part to take part.

"I will go into the bedroom silently and lie down
Between the bridegroom and the bride."

He projected as he did in another poem, orgy, city of orgies, as he called New York, he projected physical affection even to the sexual—or his phrase is physical affection and all that is latently applied between citizen and citizen as part of the adhesiveness which would make us function together as a community rather than as a nation among the fabled damned of nations, which was his phrase in the essay "Democratic Vistas."

Walt Whitman is one of my spiritual teachers and I am following him in the poem, taking off from a line of his own and projecting my own actual unconscious feelings of which I don't have shame, sir, which I feel are basically charming actually.

[Allen is asked by Weinglass on redirect to recite Howl. He does so with all the emotion of an old testament prophet threatening sinners and standing with the oppressed. The jury is transfixed by the words, the energy, the waving arms and bobbing head of the wonderful madman before them. When he recites the lines

Moloch. Moloch. Nightmare of Moloch.
Moloch the loveless.

Moloch the heavy judge of man.

and points an ac-

cusing finger at Hoffman.

The judge shrinks from the eternal judgment like Sauron the evil wizard in Lord of The Rings. The scene is one of Old Testament fervor.

The judge manages to resume his composure, but not before everyone in the stilled courtroom hears the lines

Moloch the cross-boned souless jailhouse
And congress of sorrows,
Moloch whose buildings are judgment.
Moloch the vast stone of war.
Moloch the stunned government.

Allen continues, climbing higher with each incantation. He reels off 1000 words, and suddenly drops off

"That is fragmentary."

MR. WEINGLASS: I have nothing further.

THE COURT: Within the limits of that examination, I will permit further examination.

MR. FORAN: No thanks.

THE COURT: Nothing. You may go, sir.

THE WITNESS: Thank you.

[Abbie Hoffman cries and joins the defendants and half the court when they rise in tribute as Ginsberg leaves. Lee Weiner leaves the courtroom to thank Allen for appearing. John Froines tells everyone how he has been "profoundly moved." And Thomas Foran whispers to his assistant as Allen heads for the elevator, bowing and chanting his way through a crowded hallway. Foran is overheard as he mutters, "That goddamned fag."]

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DIG IT--WE HAVE MIXED FEELINGS ABOUT RUNNING SOME OF THESE ADS, SINCE MOST OF THEM COME IN BY MAIL, WE DON'T GET TO SEE WHO ACTUALLY PUTS THEM IN. WE CANNOT VOUCH FOR THE SINCERITY OR LEGITIMACY OF THEM, AND URGE YOU TO CHECK THINGS OUT BEFORE SENDING ANY BREAD TO ANYONE, OR SENDING ANY INFORMATION EVEN REMOTELY INCRIMINATING.

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IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN PLACING AN AD IN THE SEED THE
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SEND OR BRING THE AD WITH THE BREAD TO THE SEED OFFICE
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MOVEMENT ADS, ADS OF COMMUNITY INTEREST AND LOST PARENT
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The new CRAP number is 463-0308, if you really want to do something about all the crap we breathe every day, contact Warren or Linda at the above number.

Interested in magick? If you are under 30 and sincerely interested in the works of Aleister Crowley, write Jack Flash Box: 666 % Seed 2551 N Halsted Chgo 60614

Hip looking free people needed for painters models \$2 per hour not necessarily nude. Bizarre proportions good 226-0907

Tall guy 6'2", 29 years old, blue eyes, would like to meet tall girl 5'10" or taller for companionship. Write Box 1210 % Seed 2551 N Halsted Chicago 60614

World peace depends on mutual understanding. Esperanto, the international language helps you to deal with and understand people of other countries. An experienced teacher wants to help you learn it. Try him. One or more free courses in Esperanto will begin during the second week of Jan '70. You are invited to contact: Geo. J Wuest; S.J.; Loyola Univ 65 25 N Sheridan Road; Bldg 7; Chgo 60626 telephone 274-3000 ext 212.

ATTENTION GIRLS

Are you single? Like to date & meet people from all over the world. If interested in international music, dance & culture. Call or write. No fee: International Dating Service 5000 N Troy St, Chgo 60625

30 year old male would like to meet sensitive young woman for emotional & sexual rapport. Call 761-5074

Looking for girl with apartment needing roommate. Under \$70. North Side or HP Mary 493-2741 or 477-6812

If you are a young unmarried woman with children in need of a free apt and financial help, with no obligation on your part Please call & I will explain 337-4469

Dear Son,

Curt told Scott that Steve spoke to you on the street last month. It was shortly before your recent 19th birthday. In fact on the day of your birthday we received 2 phone calls but never spoke to the caller. We hoped desperately it was you. The entire family loves and misses you. Please contact us in some way. Love Mom & Dad.

For the homeless--I am 22 yr old male communist writer. I would feel much safer if I had a roommate. No rent will be charged if you can cook and are willing to do some light housework. Tho I'd prefer a communist like myself, if you can cope with my political beliefs I'll return the favor. If interested phone 288-0838 ask for NiliRile

Hip businessman, world traveler, needs part time gal Friday to work 1 gal office. Good telephone voice. Salary open. Many social advantages 467-4088

Wanted Male models for art photography write Box 181 % Seed

FOR SALE: Framus bass guitar, 2 pick up, Red in colour, excellent condition. Call Rick 549-6511

Chicago bachelor, 33, looking for intelligent, attractive, strong girl who would enjoy wrestling and play with successful writer. No bondage or pain, just fun. Call Jim 642-1693

Lonely 18 year old guy who has been unable to meet girls would like to meet any girl 16-19 for deep friendship. I am reasonably attractive, live well, but am shy. I work nights and sleep days, so I have little chance to meet anyone except on week ends. If you are reasonably attractive, I'd appreciate hearing from you. Call Bob at 973-6212 in morning or afternoon. Please keep trying, I'll return calls.

Drummer, 20, expd. seeks work in rock group. Serious musicians only. Call Jim 255-8951 evenings.

Gurdjieff reading group meets Thursday evenings. Anyone interested call 945-4829

Boycott all adult Xmas spending, in place of gifts for your friends make donations in their names or either the Chicago Peace Council, Black Panther Party, or Special Fund to Rebuild Destroyed Homes in N. Vietnam. You will receive special gift cards with each donation explaining the purpose of the gift to the receiver. Also peace Christmas cards are available at the Peace Council Office suite 1416, 343 S Dearborn, Chicago.

Induce sexual desire in others. Rush \$2 for yours to: Aphrodisiacs Box 74818-CS Los Angeles Calif 90004

MARK H.W.
We were the wrongest by far. Please call home right away so that we can apologize make things right and discuss the future with no recriminations. Mom & Dad

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IRON BUTTERFLY, JOHN MAYALL, BEST OF THE CREAM, TEN WHEEL DRIVE AND AREA CODE 615; \$2.69.

EARTHEADOUT

A year ago hardly anybody in the U.S. knew what ecology meant.

Today almost everybody has at least a sense of it—and most overground media now are providing the kinds of information ERO did when it began last spring. The psychic changes have occurred with surprising rapidity.

Recent conferences sponsored by old-time politicians (e.g., Reagan's, the State Department's via the U.S. National Commission for UNESCO) indicate the decision already has been taken to initiate massive, superficial programs to "clean up" the environment.

Almost certainly we soon will see the slapdash formation of an eco-peace-corp operating both domestically and internationally and created partly to drain off enough youthful energies to avoid a civil war.

It now seems, in fact, that the old-timers—liberals, moderates, right-wingers, left-wingers—are sufficiently aroused to make possible in a few years the phasing out of the internal combustion engine plus short-term patch-work clean-up of certain rivers and lakes plus bans on the more persistent insecticides and on the Super-Sonic Transport that might sonic-boom all of us to death.

All of which provides ERO with an opportunity to take new paths, to begin to define a more specifically radical ("root") approach to the emergency.

For openers, let's look at a few "root" mistakes the old-timers are about to make in the context of their new eco-concern. I use "old-timer" not as a pejorative but to indicate anybody—regardless of age—whose frames of reference are products of the old time, i.e., the industrial-revolution phase of history:

1—They are about to initiate massive programs within the old frames of centralized authority, of nation. Nations are such an artificial construct from an ecological point of view that any further energies poured into them are almost certain to do more long-term harm than good. Nations (including even the proposed New Nation, I think) must be phased out as quickly as possible and replaced with tribal or regional autonomous economies rational in root terms of planet topo/climate/watershed/etc. Boycott the words "nation" and "international."

2—They are about to initiate massive programs within the old frames of a competitive society even though this will prove decisively contradictory in terms of our root insight into interdependence-of-species. Since interdependence can be sustained only in a context of co-operation, competition (capitalism) must be phased out and replaced with cooperative models.

3—They are about to initiate massive programs within the old frames of profit (and recognition, e.g., yr idealistic, militant photo on the cover of Time) even though our natural resources already have dwindled to the point where further manipulation of profit as a work incentive is intolerable. The phase-out of profit, then money, must follow the phase-out of competition. Survival itself once again is the incentive.

4—They are about to initiate massive programs within the old frames of growth and progress even though the planet's dwindled resources and exploded populations make continued use of those concepts imminently disastrous. Capitalism, phased out, cannot be replaced with socialism or communism because those forms too are growth-and-progress oriented. We have very little recent politico-economic inheritance to work from.

5—They are about to initiate massive programs within the old frames of faith-in-infinite-technology even though crucial limitations of planetary energy-energy as root solar E-mean the technology, no matter how brilliantly transformed, cannot prevent huge homo-sapiens die-backs and extinctions of thousands of other species. This sort of realism is difficult yet overwhelmingly important-to-reach: when we dropped out of the religions (e.g., Christianity, Judaism) we were originally trained to accept, we unconsciously transferred our sense-of-an-infinite into science and technology. Even some of the activists who recently have shifted into crime as a lifestyle trustingly assume that the techno-system will continue to produce goods worth stealing. We shall have to use a transformed technology to salvage what we can—but technology even at its best cannot save the whole scene.

6—They are about to initiate massive programs within the old frames of anthropocentricity even though interdependence-of-species means you have to care equally about all earth creatures. Humanism, despite its sweet surfaces, has been enormously unfortunate. Even worse than contemporary graduate school humanism is the recent (1890) cook book which says: "Three days before the turkey is slaughtered it should have an English walnut forced down its throat three times a day and a glass of sherry once a day. The meat will be deliciously tender, and have a fine nutty flavor." Practical considerations of survival force us past humanism as fast as we can make it.

ERO, then, is anxious to receive contributions toward the development of tribal & regional cooperative post-monetary steady-state post-technocratic heliocentric economic models, eco-models.

Rare Earth is under it all.



Rare Earth is also the name of a *very* heavy new label... and the "other-worldly" shapes above are really *Mothers* in disguise.

THE PRETTY THINGS' recording of the epic "S.F. Sorrow" (with the story and lyrics inside the fold-out cover) comes from London, along with LOVE SCULPTURE, dishing up a "Blues Helping" for your eyes, ears and mind. The RUSTIX declare a moratorium on "Bedlam." The MESSENGERS bring it all on home-tightly. And finally, RARE EARTH, the beginning of it all, warns you to "Get Ready."

In short, if you're wondering what's happening, the answer's simply... RARE EARTH.



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By the end of next month, the Chicago Transit Authority is expected to raise it's already outrageously high fare to fifty cents a ride—the fifth fare increase in eleven years.

This means that anyone who cannot afford to drive can ride practically anywhere on "public" transportation at the low, low price of fifty cents, providing they have exactly fifty cents or a spiffy new C.T.A. bus token.

The exact-fare program came about in response to a rash of violence on the C.T.A. late last year where the Authority lost a whole bundle of money by theft. Many passengers were also robbed, as well as murdered and raped, but that was obviously incidental to the Chicago Transit Authority.

At that time, Deputy Superintendent James Rockford of Chicago's Finest announced a new plan for combatting the violence — including shifting task-force pigs to bus routes, adding more plainclothes swine and making unscheduled checks on buses. In spite of this, the C.T.A., showing remarkable foresight, went ahead and shelled out \$1,021,015 for 3,135 exact fare boxes, obviously deciding it best to leave stopping murder and rape to the police, but keeping their own collective eagle-eyes on the money.

"If it saves one life, it's worth it!" proclaimed the C.T.A.

According to that venerable expounder of the Chicago Gospel, the mighty Tribune, not one bus driver was killed protecting the \$450,000 the buses took in daily during the crime spree (at that time, the basic fare was 30 cents). In all fairness, not one robber ever got himself killed either, thanks to the C.T.A.'s policy of refusing to permit their drivers to carry guns, spray gas, or anything with which they could protect themselves. Driving through the streets of our town, the bus drivers should be allowed to carry bazookas, complete with ammo loaders.

"If it saves one life, it's worth it," but no one was killed — the C.T.A. just lost some bread. This slogan came from the company upon whose tracks last year two nurses were raped by two different men at the same station on the same day twenty minutes apart.

The same company who, ten years ago, charged 20 cents a ride and gave out transfers free. Did the cost of living raise 175% since 1959?

"If it saves one life, it's worth it!" The commuter who lives in the low income districts of this city (being most of Chicago) who uses the bus and a transfer will

start paying \$175.00 or so more per year in 1970 than he did eleven years ago. That's like dropping over a week's salary to the C.T.A. — or a month's food budget. How many lives does that save?

Ah, but dig it. For your 55 exact-fare cents (including transfer), you can go to 95th and State or Bryn Mawr and Central a lot faster than you could eleven years ago. I'm sure that will interest the children at Armitage and Halsted or 63rd and Blackstone or the elderly in Uptown or the Blacks on the west side a great deal. It might even make them forget their hunger for a few minutes.

Chicago's transportation cost should be compared to other major American cities; like New York, where the fare is twenty cents — no bus transfers, but Manhattan (where the Bowery, Harlem, the Lower East Side and the Puerto Rican districts lie) has 33 subway lines running through it; you can change from one to another for free. They'll take you within blocks of anywhere on the Island. You can also catch express trains which will take you from fourth street to ninety-sixth in about fifteen minutes, making four stops in between.

In Washington, the rip-off for buses is about thirty cents, and they don't go anywhere. But, then, you could run in to Spiro Agnew. In the San-Francisco-Bay area, the soon-to-be completed rapid transit system will cost 25 cents per ride. You could ride from San Francisco to Berkeley.

They have the exact-fare system on buses in both New York and Washington, although a New York newspaper mentioned that the robbery rate didn't go down too much when the locked-boxes came about. Instead of robbing the bus company, burglars became content with robbing the driver and passengers. But, of course, the bus companies stopped losing money....

A Florida bus company felt the expense of adding exact-fare boxes wasn't worth their loss in annual rake-in, coupled with the loss in potentially pissed off customers. One might ask how the Chicago Transit Authority thinks it can afford \$1,021,015 after having to raise fares a year ago.

Easy. When the C.T.A. installed the exact-fare boxes last October, they knew they would have to raise the fare in order to keep lining their own pockets with loot. In several months, after the boxes were paid for, the extra money would keep coming in, and George DeMent and his fellow leeches would be making all the more money.

The topper to the whole affair is that the C.T.A. is trying to stick two-thirds of the cost on the federal government. So in addition to shelling out \$275.00 a year for bus rides, the taxpayer might get a bigger bite into his salary. As if paying for Vietnam isn't enough.

Ever wonder why Columbia records changed the name of its rock-jazz group C.T.A. to just "Chicago"? The Authority is so bad even the capitalists at Columbia didn't want to be associated with it.

However, there are some steps the people could take to express their dissatisfaction, outside of praying for a huge snowfall.

The next time the C.T.A. wants the exact-fare, give it to them. In pennies. Count them out into the box one at a time. Try to get to the head of the line, too. Let the people know just how much fifty/fifty-five cents is.

If you have an extra nickel and you're getting off at a busy intersection, get a transfer (count out five more pennies). Give the transfer to someone who is waiting for the bus at the opposite street. The C.T.A. will never miss the forty-five cents...unless we all start doing it.

Be aware that transfers are good for two extra rides — always ask for the transfer back, whether you need it or not. If you don't, give it to someone who is waiting for a cross-street bus when you get off.

In New York, the people found a foreign coin which is the same size and weight as the tokens but cost about a penny each. They use them during rush hours....

Learn the train system, and use it to your advantage. You can transfer free between any city train in the Loop if you know where to do it. The C.T.A. will even tell you, if you call them.

They will also give you information if you call 664-7220. Develop a passionate and consistent interest in their routes. You can also complain about the rate increase, sloppy schedules, rude drivers, and the like. Ask them why tokens were sold at a discount before 1959 (17½) but are now sold at 60 for \$24.00 (\$30.00 after the increase). Tell them what you think of them; that's what general offices are for.

The pigs who run the Chicago Transit Authority are as oppressive as they could be without literally kicking the shit out of their customers. We should have as much respect for them as we do for the other pigs who run this city for their own private profit above the needs of the people.

Mike Gold

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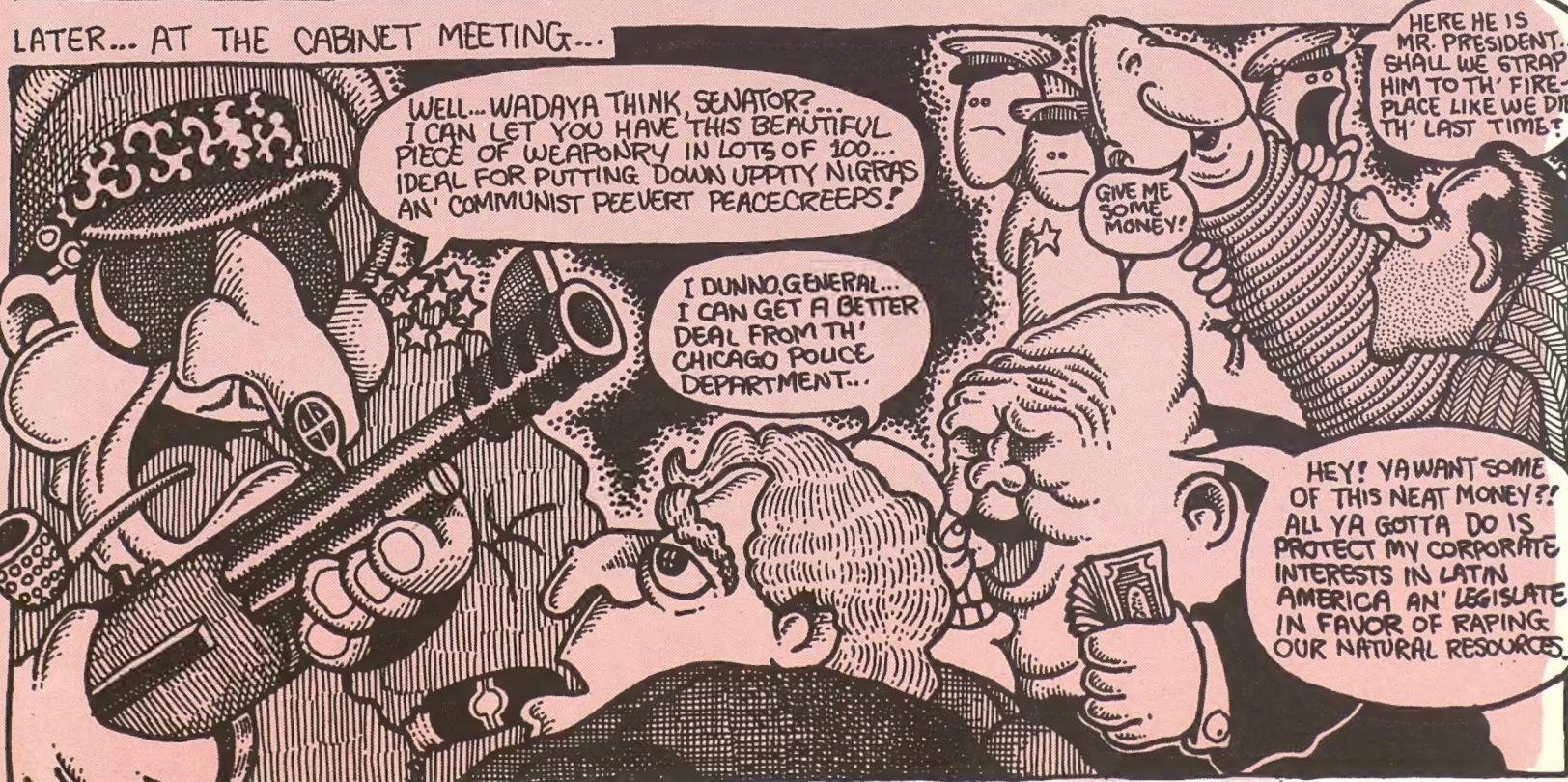
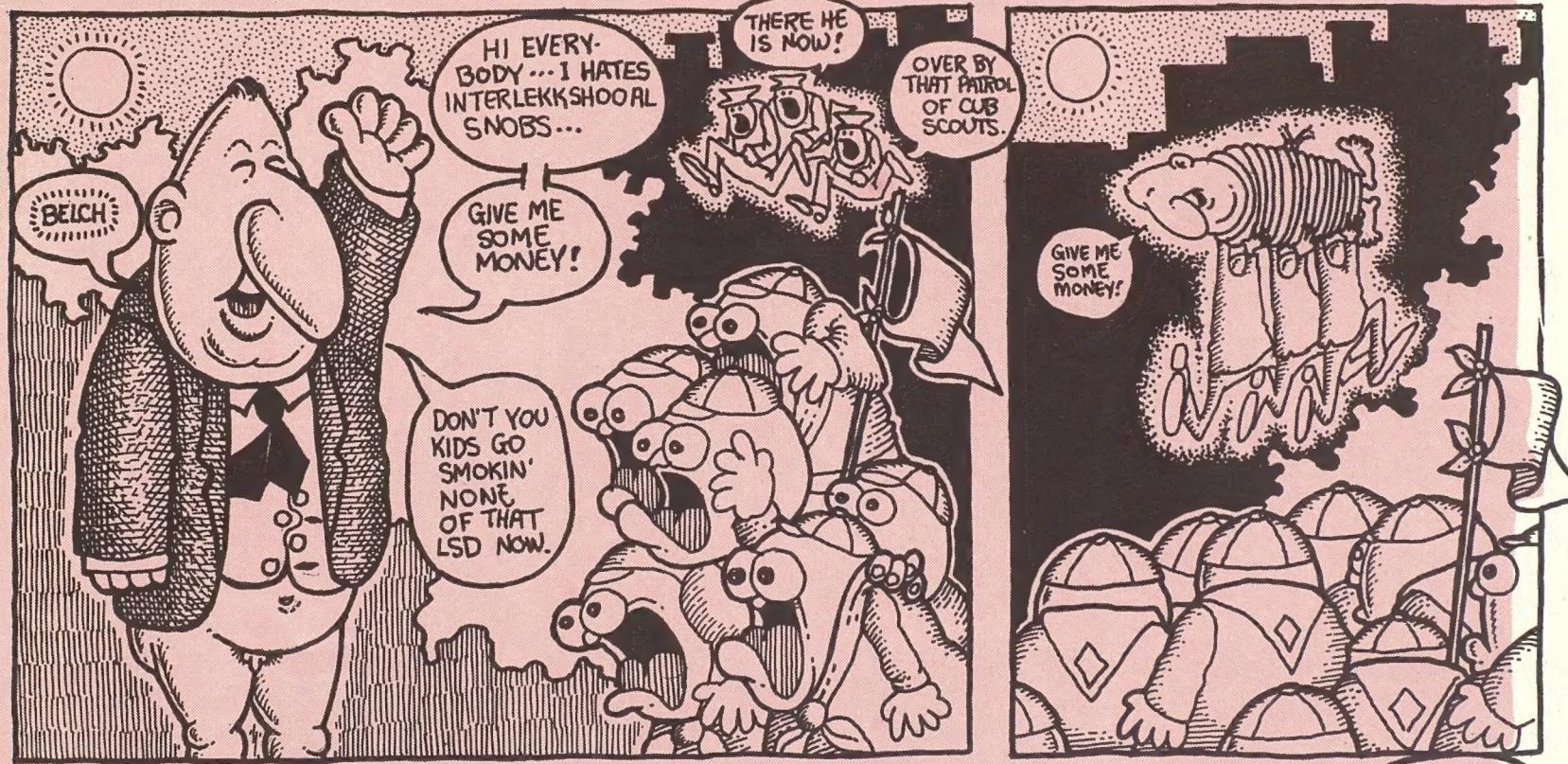
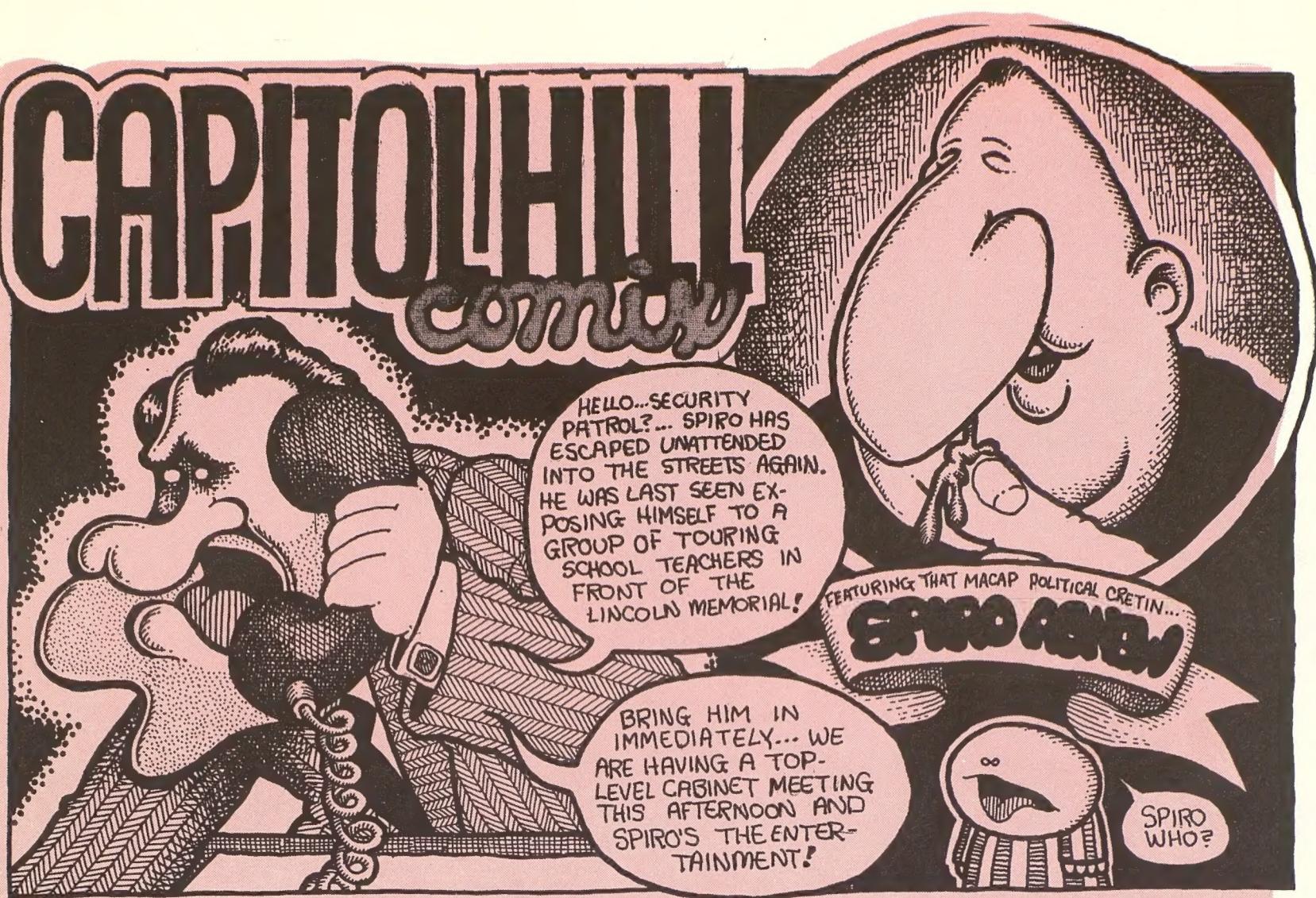
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